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TOP 20

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HOT SHOTS

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 28, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

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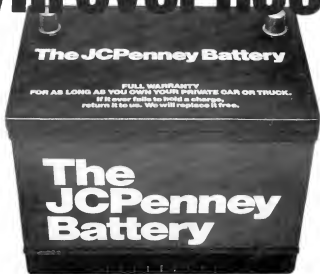


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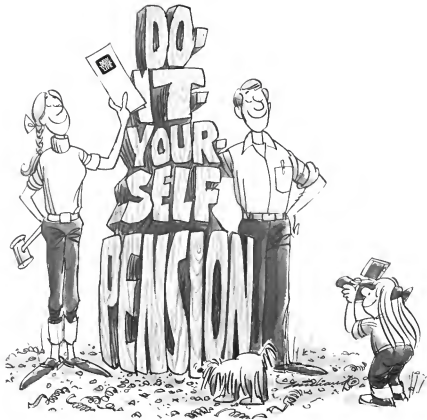
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Next Week

BOWL MATCH-UPS and conference titles are on the line as Texas meets Texas A&M, Oklahoma faces Nebraska and UCLA takes on USC in the far from effete East. Pitt tangles with Penn State. The staff covers college football's big week

ANGLD SNOW JOB, that elegant skiing maneuver known as the Telemark turn, has been given new life by a band of Colorado mountaineers. Julie Campbell and William Oscar Johnson tell you how to gear up for the high hills and get back down

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BOOKTALK

by ROBERT CANTWELL

AMERICA'S EARLY NATURALISTS OFTEN WENT FOR A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

Early American naturalists differed in at least one respect from their English and European predecessors. They were adventurers, fully aware that it could be fatal to poke around in the brush in the New World looking for flowers. John Banister of Virginia, the first American settler to take up botany in a serious way (he sent 340 species of plants to England), "was walking through the brush along the Roanoke River when a woodsman in the party, apparently mistaking him for a deer, fired and killed him." That was in 1592. The next to go was John Lawson, who greatly admired Banister's pioneering work. Lawson was captured by Indians, who "stuck him full of fine small splinters of torchwood . . . and set them gradually afire." By the time John Bartram came along some years later, it was possible to pick flowers without being scalped.

But even the saintly Bartram infuriated the natives. "As I was walking in a path an Indian man met me and pulled off my hat in a great passion and chewed it all round," Bartram wrote wonderingly, "I suppose to show me that they would eat me if I came in that country again."

Joseph Kastner's *A Species of Eternity* (Kasopf, \$15) pieces together the stories of these botanical and ornithological heroes and martyrs in roughly chronological order from the first settlements to the death of Audubon in 1851. John Bartram ("the greatest natural botanist in the world," according to Linnaeus), the Quaker farmer who personally introduced 150 American plants to England and shaped American natural history, is Kastner's major figure, followed by minor figures including thieves, schoolteachers, preachers, surveyors, druggists and politicians, as well as people like Jazrell Jones, who "quit after he was taken for a madman and a necromancer because he went about chasing butterflies."

It was commonly believed in Europe that native American products were merely underdeveloped or degenerate forms of Old World life. The animals were small and had syphilis, the land was infertile, water putrid, frogs poisonous, dogs lost their bark. These were the

views of sober scientists. Correcting errors was a pleasure the American naturalists never tired of. The amazing wealth and diversity of the wilderness and the recurring drama of discovery and rediscovery provided a constant inspiration. There were mysteries to be solved, like the Franklin tree, never seen in a wild state after 1803, surviving as a cultivated tree from Bartram's specimens. Or the western meadowlark, noted by Meriwether Lewis but not described again until Audubon came along 40 years later.

Kastner has a hard time making scientific classifications of plants and birds a matter of lasting interest, but he gets through it with a gritted-teeth prose ("The number of pistils determined the order to which the plant belonged: one pistil *Monogynia*, two pistils *Digynia*, and so on") and hurries on to the adventurers who were taking their lives in their hands to get such things straight. He writes of them with nothing less than astonishment, partly because there were so many of them, partly because they should be better known than they are and mostly because they accomplished as much as they did, apparently unaware that the difficulties they faced were stupendous and occasionally insurmountable.

END

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MODEL HORSES ARE A LOT OF FUN, AND YOU NEVER HAVE TO CLEAN THE STABLE

If you've stashed away your Bicentennial souvenirs and are just waiting around for their value to increase, you might want to consider starting a more demanding sort of collection—like the group of enthusiasts who collect model horses, for example.

"People automatically associate model collections with electric trains or planes," says 29-year-old Marney Walerus, editor of *The International Model Horse Journal*, "but collecting model horses is growing in popularity and is considered semi-big business in both the U.S. and England." The horses are regarded as an investment because discontinued models that cost \$3 to \$6 now frequently sell for upward of \$30.

Collectors range in age from grammar-schoolers to senior citizens, and most of them are female. Walerus claims that the enthusiast who rounds up a herd of models can acquire a lot of knowledge about horses. "We learn good breeding by setting up pedigrees," she says, "buying or trading horses by mail and swapping information via newsletters and personal correspondence." Pedigrees are devised by paying a stud fee to use another collector's model's name as sire.

One of the world's largest suppliers of model horses is the Breyer Molding Co., a firm that began manufacturing plastic animals almost 30 years ago. Their first horse was taken from a die designed as a decorative feature for a mantel clock. Breyer's stable has grown to include thoroughbreds, draft horses, ponies and palomans, as well as a series of "celebrity" horses—Silky Sullivan, Kelso, Man o' War and Ruffian. It probably won't be long before Seattle Slew joins the stable.

Collectors enter their tiny quadrupeds in a variety of shows, including jumping, by submitting photographs of their steeds "in action"—e.g., clearing a post and rail. "Live" shows are the most popular with collectors. At the Sixth Model Horse Congress, which was held last summer in Mount Prospect, Ill., hundreds of models—some flocked, some sporting manes and tails made from their owners' hair—competed for trophies and ribbons. Walerus, who organized the three-day event, said she had twice as many exhibitors as the year before. "Hopefully, the hobby will grow enough so that people won't regard it as silly or juvenile any longer," she says. And, indeed, is a collection of horses, looking real enough to compete in an open jumper stake, any sillier than one of buttons, string or matchbook covers?

END

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Shopwalk

by ROBERT W. CREAMER

JIMMY THE GREEK SAYS HE'S GOT A BIG WINNER—A CALCULATOR THAT PLAYS 21

Even though Jimmy (the Greek) Snyder is thought of by the general public as a big-time Las Vegas oddsmaker, what Jimmy really is is a public-relations man—and a good one. One of the things Jimmy has been pushing lately is an electronic calculator called Unisonic 21, and it's a fairly astonishing gadget. It looks pretty much like a standard basic calculator, but there is an extra set of buttons, as well as a little switch. Push that switch one way and Unisonic 21 behaves like a calculator. Push it the other way and the contraption turns into a blackjack game—Las Vegas at your fingertips.

To play, you first punch out the amount of "money" you want to use as your stake, then push a button marked Bet, which gets things started. Punch the amount you want to risk from your stake on the first deal, hit the Bet button again and—voilà!—on the display panel two hands of blackjack appear. Yours shows two numbers denoting the cards you've been dealt. The dealer's shows one, the other being hidden for the nonce, as it would be in a regular blackjack game. Now you have to decide whether you want to stand with what you have or receive another "card." If you want an additional card, you push Hit and another number appears; if you push Stand, your hand is complete and the value of the dealer's hidden card is shown on the display panel.

In Unisonic 21 the dealer's moves are made automatically once you've pushed the Stand button, until the hand is ended. Pushing the Total button will give you your cash balance—obviously more if you win, less if you lose.

There are other buttons, too. If you've been dealt a pair, you can push Split and play two separate hands on that deal, one after the other. If your first two cards are of such a nature that you feel one more card would put you in a commanding position, you can push Double, which doubles your bet and gives you a single extra card. You can even push Insurance to protect yourself against the dealer's having blackjack.

Perhaps an expert would become bored with the electronic choice of cards, but a nickel-and-dime fraternity house player can push buttons for dozens and dozens of hands without detecting an obvious pattern. It takes both skill and luck to win more often than you lose. A small hand-size version of the game sells for about \$40 (Unisonic, 16 W 25th St., N.Y. 10010), a larger "console" model for around \$60.

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86 PROOF

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

Something funny appears to be going on in Washington with George Allen's new contract to coach the Redskins through 1981. Allen and Edward Bennett Williams, the team president, reached agreement on terms last July, but Allen had not signed as of last week.

The Washington Post reported that the contract doubles Allen's salary to \$250,000 a year but limits his authority to spend. Soon after Allen joined the Redskins, Williams delighted in telling audiences, "I gave Allen an unlimited expense account, and he has already exceeded it." Apparently this is no longer quite so funny.

Asked about the contract last week, Allen said, "It's just a legality type of thing, and as far as I'm concerned, I'm planning on being here." Kind of an odd answer, but odder yet was Williams' when asked if the team's so-so record made him thankful that Allen hadn't signed. "I have no comment on that," said the great mouthpiece, normally never at a loss for words. A close friend says, "I think Ed wants Don Shula."

TALKING TURKEY

Now that you have carved up the Thanksgiving bird, hear this from James F. Brady of Peekskill, N.Y., author of the authoritative *Modern Turkey Hunting*. In the wild, female turkeys never gobble and neither do the toms. The toms say, "Gill-oble-oble," but only in the spring when they're mating, and the call means, "I'm here, sweetheart, and the rest of you guys stay away."

In the fall, the toms gather in flocks, and if one becomes separated he calls, "Puck," which translates as, "Hey, let's get together." Young turkeys call, "Kee, kee, kee!" That means the same thing, and hunters often use the call to lure one in for a shot.

"Perk!" is the alarm call sharp-eyed turkeys sound when they spot danger, such as a hunter. There must have been a lot of "Perks!" when Brady went out. He

didn't get a turkey in three days of hunting this fall and had to order his Thanksgiving bird from the local supermarket.

PILOT ON

So much for turkeys. Now for a duck-hunting story told by an airline pilot.

A lawyer, a doctor and an airline pilot went hunting together with their retrievers. The lawyer shot the first duck, sent out his retriever to get it, and the Labrador brought it back promptly. The doctor shot the next duck. He sent his dog, which jumped into the water and retrieved it just as quickly.

A third duck flew by. The airline pilot fired, and the duck went down. His dog went out, picked up the duck, went to an island where he ate it, swam back to the shore, made love to the other two retrievers and then took the next three weeks off.

DAMAGED FLATS

The Bonneville Salt Flats, famed as the locale for world land speed records, may be finished for racers. A U.S. Geological Survey report issued last week says that the flats have suffered irreversible damage. In recent years the deterioration has become so severe that no one has seriously attempted to break Gary Gabelich's world land-speed record of 622.407 mph set at Bonneville in 1970. G. C. Lines, the geologist who wrote the report, says the raceway is being damaged by natural evaporation of salt, interstate highway construction and potash mining. According to Lines, the potash operation, in which Kaiser Chemical Corporation draws brine from the flats through a series of ditches, is the main factor in causing erosion.

Following release of the report, Gabelich and Don Vesco, who holds the world motorcycle-speed record, staged a press conference in Salt Lake City to plead that the flats be saved. Vesco called for Kaiser to stop the erosion and said, "I can't see putting a lot of people out of work at Kaiser, but they can preserve our

part of the raceway and help us. After all, racing was there first."

Gabelich said he had the backing for a car capable of 1,000 mph, "but conditions of the salt at present would make it impossible for me to make a record attempt. There are chuck holes three to four inches deep along the measured mile. If we lose the salt flats—if the United States loses the Bonneville Salt Flats as a racing surface—it is a mortal sin. They are a very unique gift of God to mankind."

MAN WITH A BENT

John Bennett, a 48-year-old businessman in East Peoria, Ill., has a literal bent for the unusual. Several years ago while Bennett was sweeping the floor, a light bulb



marked "idea" lit up in his brain. He fiddled with the broom and put a 19-degree bend in the handle. The bend in the handle became the center of the axis of the arm, and Bennett found he could do the same amount of sweeping as before with less than half the amount of energy. He next put a 19-degree bend into the handle of a hammer, and presto! he got, he says, 32% more power.

With that, Bennett went into sports equipment. He gave a crooked bat to kids playing softball, and weak hitters started to hit. Adults used the bat, and, Bennett says, "Home runs were hit by people who had never hit home runs." Fishermen found they got more distance with bent casting rods, according to Bennett, and so did golfers using bent clubs whose

continued

"Smoking. Here's what I'm doing about it."

"I like the taste of a good cigarette and I don't intend to settle for less. But like a lot of people I'm also aware of what's being said. And like a lot of people I began searching for a cigarette that could give me the taste I like with less tar.

"I thought there would be a lot of brands to choose from. There were. Until I tasted them. Then I knew there was no choice at all. I either had to stay with my high-tar cigarettes. Or suck air.

"Then I found Vantage. It's everything the ads say it is. A cigarette that doesn't give you just a lot of promises. What it really gives is a lot of taste. And

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

with much less tar
than what I'd
smoked before.

"What am I
doing about
smoking? I'm
smoking Vantage."

H. S. Cooper
G. S. Cooper
Edmonds, Washington



Regular, Menthol,
and Vantage 100's.

Vantage. A lot of taste without a lot of tar.

drives went 25% farther. Now Bennett is working on a bent-handled tennis racket which, he says, "does away with tennis elbow."

Bennett, who has patented his bent-handled inventions, says a major sporting-goods manufacturer is looking them over. "The idea is so simple," he says, "and so stupid that nobody's ever thought of it before."

TV OR NOT TV

Here's another instance of television flinching with a sports schedule and inconveniencing local fans. In Tempe, Ariz. 57,000 ticket holders as well as restaurant and hotel owners have had to change their plans for this weekend because ABC got Arizona State and Arizona to switch their football game from this Saturday night to Friday evening to accommodate TV. The kickoff time also has been moved up to 7 p.m. from 7:30, further annoying more fans who will be hard pressed to get to the stadium on time after work. Moreover, Arizona State's basketball opener has been moved from Friday to Saturday, disrupting the plans of still more locals. For knuckling under to TV, Arizona State, Arizona and the Western Athletic Conference divvy up \$357,200.

By contrast, Dave Nelson, the athletic director at the University of Delaware, doesn't go for such shenanigans. ABC asked Delaware to delay last Saturday's football game against Colgate so it could be telecast as the regional follow-up to Ohio State-Michigan, but this was impossible because Delaware Stadium lights flicks. ABC then suggested moving the game to Philadelphia, 40 miles away. Nelson demurred, saying, "That would have been totally unfair to all the people who bought tickets."

PROSPECT

After Southern newspapers reported last week that the Reverend S. L. Wheatley, the 67-year-old minister of the Fort McCoy Baptist Church in Ocala, Fla., had sighted a mysterious hairy creature at least 7½ feet tall, but perhaps eight feet tall, maybe animal, maybe human, lurking in a bunch of palmetos in the Ocala National Forest, the reverend got a letter saying, "In case you see this eight-foot creature again, I would appreciate it if you would have him call me collect." It was signed by Duke D. Brown, the LSU basketball coach.

LEGENDS

Golf fans yearning for a nostalgic look at Ben Hogan, Jimmy Demaret, Gene Sarazen, Sam Snead and other celebrated oddtimers will get a chance next April, when a 54-hole tournament called Legends of Golf will be played at the Onion Creek Country Club near Austin, Texas. The purse will be \$400,000, the richest in the history of golf. The tournament is limited to players age 50 or more, except for one younger golfer who will be invited each year to round out the 16-man field. Arnold Palmer has been invited to fill this role next spring. Says oddtimer Demaret, "That purse represents all of the prize money that we played for over the entire 25 years of our careers."

OPINION PIECE

Doug Weaver, the athletic director at Georgia Tech, is upset about football. Not the college game, but pee-wee football for kids. "I know of instances of things that happened in the Atlanta area you wouldn't believe," Weaver told *Al Dunning* of the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*. "I think it's safe to assume the same things are going on in Memphis and everywhere else little kids are playing."

"I know of cases where they've given kids diuretic pills to make them lose weight so they could get under a certain pound limit. I've seen 8-year-old kids wearing six pounds of equipment running around yelling 'Kill!'"

"My own son's coach wouldn't let his team walk across the field and shake the other team's hands after a game. I don't think that's the way the game ought to be taught to little boys."

"I love kids' soccer," Weaver went on. "You want to know why? Because the parents don't know anything about it yet, that's why. They don't know enough to foul it up, but give them time. In five years, kids' soccer won't be any fun."

TAKE IT OFF

A couple of college basketball coaches in Florida have started locking the gym doors during practice. Don Beasley at Jacksonville and Glenn Wilkes at Stetson have their squads play strip poker during free-throw drills. A player who misses has to take off an article of clothing. "The players take it seriously," Beasley says. "Some of the poorer shooters started wearing four pairs of socks."

Wilkes says, "The concentration is amazing. I had guys who were 55% free-throw shooters last year go 10 minutes without a miss. It's the best drill we've ever had for shooting."

HEAR, HEAR!

Sports fans demand aural satisfaction. They just have to know the score, like now! Take the success of Sports Phone, which extended its service to Chicago recently and is already getting 25,000 calls a day. By simply dialing 936-1313, a Chicago fan can get the latest scores, interviews and sports news 24 hours a day.

Sports Phone, which began with a New York City service in 1972 and opened a New Jersey branch six months ago, makes its money by getting a producer's fee from the phone company involved. After all, the more calls made, the more lost for Ma Bell, and as of October the New York service was receiving more than 2.1 million calls a month. Most of the callers are kids "who are just crazy to hear what the results are," says Fred Weiner, a founder of Air Time, the company that owns Sports Phone. And what about bookies and bettors? "I would imagine there are a lot of those people," he says.

Meanwhile, back home in Indiana, Dan Grimland has started a new sports-broadcasting service, Telepost, in Indianapolis. For a fee that ranges from a nickel to 25¢ a minute, a fan can listen to the live radio play-by-play of almost any game in the country over his home telephone. Grimland charges by the minute because most people don't want to hear an entire game. So far, he has met no resistance from broadcasters on the question of rights—indeed, they are amused—and just recently Telepost serviced its first out-of-state listener, Dr. Glenn Swindell, a Carmel, Ind. dentist who was vacationing in San Francisco and wanted to hear the Texas A&M-Arkansas football game in College Station, Texas. Swindell paid \$29 to listen to the complete game, a lot less than if he had flown to Texas to see it.

THEY SAID IT

● Dr. Bill Lenkatis, New England Patriot center, on his budding dentistry practice: "It's all word of mouth."

● Jack Harris, WFLA radio sportscaster, on Tampa Bay's offense: "They should put a sign on the 10-yard line saying, 'The Bucs stop here.'"

END



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SO IT'S TWO



IN A ROW FOR BO



Michigan blunted every Buckeye drive with a big play to beat Ohio State and earn another trip to the Rose Bowl

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Well, why wouldn't poor old Woody Hayes feel like hitting somebody? There he was:

1) In a foreign country (Michigan) whose very name fills him with such loathing that he can't say it—the best he can do is, "That place up north"—and where he is said to have risked long hikes on the Interstate by driving with his gas gauge on "Empty" because he wouldn't spend his money there.

2) In a city (Ann Arbor) where they sell rolls of toilet paper with his image on every sheet, and where a fan isn't dressed for the big game unless he's wearing a SCREW WOODY button, or one with sentiments to that effect.

3) On a campus (Michigan's) where Professor Leland Quackenbush's engineering class invented an egg-throwing machine so that students could liven up the day before the game by seeing (for \$1 a pop) who could pelt a life-size effigy of Woody from farthest away.

4) And in a stadium (Michigan's) where they get his goat so regularly and got it so royally a few years back that he tore up a yard-line marker.

There, last Saturday, was poor old Woody again, in front of the largest regular-season crowd in the history of college football, 106,024, with one of his finest teams up to its neck in the last, tense, nervous moments of another tense, nervous Ohio State-Michigan game. With, as usual, everything at stake: the chance to win the Big Ten championship outright and go to the Rose Bowl, meanwhile enhancing Ohio State's national ranking and net worth. And what happened? Woody experienced one of the

continued

Rod Gerald led the Buckeyes to big margins in rushing, passing and first downs, but zero TDs



Woody started out mellow, then reverted to form

TWO IN A ROW continued

truly frustrating days of his long coaching career.

His Buckeyes gained 352 yards to Michigan's 196. They made 23 first downs to Michigan's 10. They marched up and down the field, for nothing. Or close to nothing. In a statistical nutshell: 19 times the Buckeyes snapped the ball inside the Michigan 20. For all that they got two Vlade Janakievski field goals. Michigan, which had marched up and down a lot less, had gotten a lot more: 14 points. Never, said Hayes, had one of his teams played so well for so little.

This is not to say that Woody did not bring some of it on himself. Late in the 1968 title game with Michigan, which Ohio State won 50-14, he ordered a two-point conversion attempt. "Fifty points," said Woody, "is not always enough." A couple of years ago when he led the Buckeyes onto the field at Michigan Stadium, they ripped through an M Club banner proclaiming GO BLUE. They tried to do it again Saturday, with a number of elbows being exchanged between M clubbers (Michigan athletes) and Buckeye players. Woody himself was involved in an exchange. Nevertheless, he was in fine spirits before the game and even led Ohio State fans in a cheer, bouncing around and waving his arms.

After that, however, Hayes didn't cheer much. Mostly, he fumed and periodically cried out in pain as the frustration built. Then one last terrible blow struck poor Woody. With a first down on the Wolverine eight-yard line, and less than five minutes to play, his breathtak-

ingly elusive quarterback, Rod Gerald, began an option play, sticking the ball in the belly of his fullback, then withdrawing it and rolling to his right. Ever so abruptly, Gerald slipped. As he fell, he was collared by Wolverine Linebacker John Anderson. Gerald attempted an off-balance pitch to trailing Halfback Ron Springs. The pitch went badly awry, and Springs, trying to go to it, also slipped. Derek Howard fell on the ball for Michigan at the 20, and when the nap had settled so had Ohio State's fate.

Without a yard marker to beat up, Woody slammed down the headset he uses to communicate with his coaches in the press box. He did this with his left hand. He then went into a series of facial contortions which, in any other context, might be interpreted as the result of stomach distress. Then he turned and spied the threatening figure of 52-year-old, 158-pound ABC-TV cameraman Mike Freedman. Freedman was taking Woody's picture, as he had been all afternoon. Because he knew Woody's sideline reputation, Freedman was using a long lens so he "wouldn't have to get too close." But his job, he said, was "to take faces, not the back of heads," and that was what he was doing.

When Woody bore down on Freedman, who was focusing his mini-cam with both hands, he could only get his elbow in the way of Woody's fist. The blow, slightly resembling a Kid Gavilan bolo punch, was delivered by Woody with his right hand. This shows that when

it comes to exercises in childishness, Woody is ambidextrous.

Despite the fact that he learned at Woody's knee, Bo Schembechler doesn't throttle what they both call "the media people," as in, "I don't have anything against the media people. I just don't want my daughter going to school with 'em." Bo is wont to just ignore them, considering them, as he does before every Ohio State game, a "negative influence." Actually, Schembechler would as soon ignore almost everybody at this crucial time. He says he doesn't even get a kick out of the thundering on-campus Michigan pep rally any more because "the media people make too much of it." Yet he goes, and annually he guarantees a win over the Buckeyes. "The students like that," he says, pleased to indulge them.

Partly because of their similar outlooks, and partly because they don't let anybody talk to their players the week of the game, Michigan-Ohio State has become almost exclusively a Bo-and-Woody show, one in which pupil Bo is now tied with mentor Woody at four victories apiece, plus a tie. As near mirror images—they have the same coaching philosophies and neither likes to be interviewed by media people—their teams play the same brand of ball and their confrontations usually follow a somewhat staid pattern.

Not this time.

Two sky-high teams, bitter rivals with malice aforethought and coaches as taut as twin violin strings, teams renowned

Wolverine Quarterback Rich Leach's long reach got the ball over for Michigan's second touchdown



for their willingness to deliver massive blows in the name of hard-core football, they played an entire game without drawing a major penalty. Each was assessed one inconsequential five-yarder.

The higher-ranked team (Ohio State) lost. So did the bigger, stronger, healthier team (same guys).

The team with a lot of depressing medical charts and missing starters (Michigan) somehow held together.

The team with the smaller defenders (Michigan) that could not afford to let the other practice ball control—it was Bo's biggest fear—not only let the other team control the ball, but did so and still held it to six points, on field goals.

The quarterback who was supposed to be the superior passer (Michigan's Rick Leach) didn't pass so hot but ran for the decisive touchdown; the running quarterback (Gerald), who was sure to throw flutterballs, completed more passes than James Bond. Leach came into the game averaging almost 14 passes a game, threw nine and connected on only three. Gerald, averaging eight a game, threw 16 and completed 13—every one a spiral.

And here's the real teaser. Traditionally, these are teams of swarming, suffocating defense—defenses that surround ballcarriers, having been taught that tackling is a team calisthenic. But this time, whenever Ohio State's squadron of fast backs seemed on the verge of crashing through, or out, one superb individual effort by one superb player or another saved the Wolverines.

Example 1) Trailing 14-3 early in the third quarter, Ohio State whisks 74 yards in eight plays to a first down on the Michigan 11. But then Gerald is slammed for a two-yard loss by Tackle Curtis Greer. Jeff Logan, on an option-pitch right, is cut down by Halfback Mike Jolly slicing through. Minus one, Gerald is chased from the pocket by Linebacker Jerry Meter and is caught by the heels by lunging Linebacker Ron Simpkins. Minus 13. In three plays Ohio State's 332-yard-a-game running attack, the best in the country, has marched 16 yards to the rear. Only a field goal saves Ohio State from a total burnout.

Example 2) Moments later, after a fumble recovery, the Buckeyes have a third and one on the Michigan 22. Woody serves up his beloved "Robust"—a full-house backfield and two tight ends, not to mention mountainous tackles who not only block everybody one-on-one but are

so big they screen the play. But Simpkins reads on the pulling Ohio State left guard, leaps through the gap to meet Fullback Paul Campbell and drops him for a two-yard loss. This time the shocked Buckeyes don't even get the field goal.

Schembechler had said on Friday he thought it would be disastrous if his defense had to stay on the field "too long." How long is too long? "Ten plays will be too long. That's the key." So much for Bo's clairvoyance. Ohio State had the ball 14 plays on its first drive, the next time 12, then in the second half once for 11 plays and another time for 10 plays. With Simpkins in on 20 tackles (15 unassisted), the defense never quit smoking—"the most tenacious bunch I've seen in 25 years," Bo said. Mostly the tenacity was visited on Gerald, who, shot with cortisone to relieve an aching tendon in his left leg, made so many Wolverines look so very bad in the first half it seemed nothing could stop him short of Congressional intervention.

But gradually Michigan picked up the tempo. And the more the Wolverines stunted and blitzed, the more they seemed to guess correctly. "And the closer we got to their goal," said an admiring Gerald, "the more intense they got." His big runs ultimately were neutralized by 46 yards in losses.

The Michigan offense, however, was slower getting out of bed. The Wolverines ran five plays in the first quarter for a net of six yards. But after so miserable a start Leach began making broader use of men in motion, forcing Ohio State off balance with commitments in the secondary it did not necessarily want to make. Down 3-0, the Wolverines got possession after an exchange of punts late in the second quarter and from the Ohio State 46 started their first scoring drive. In six rushes they were at the 30, then Leach lofted a floater of a third-down pass to Tailback Roosevelt Smith, who ran to the eight. Three plays later Smith slipped in behind Right Guard Gerry Sawa for the touchdown.

On the first Ohio State play of the second half Middle Guard Steve Graves jarred the ball loose from Springs and Simpkins recovered it at the Buckeye 20. Leach sent Wide Receiver Rick White in motion to the right, faked inside and optioned left, cutting in behind a hesitating Buckeye linebacker wary for the pitch, and zipped 11 yards to the nine. Two runs by Russell Davis

netted seven more yards. Then Leach took the snap at the two, faked inside to the fullback, spun around Tight End Mark Schmerge's block and raced to the goal. Linebacker Tom Cousineau brought him down before the goal line, but Leach, with arms outstretched, managed to get the ball across for the score.

So now Bo—and all those wonderfully tenacious guys who indemnified Schembechler's promise that he'd beat Woody—gets to go to the Rose Bowl for the second time in a row, the first time Michigan has done so.

Woody, meanwhile, meets Bear Bryant and second-ranked Alabama in the Sugar Bowl, curmudgeon-to-curmudgeon. After the loss, Hayes sat feeling blue and sorry for himself in the Buckeye locker room and said he really didn't give a damn about any bowl and wouldn't care to go to one. "though I might get over it." He got over it. After all, Bryant is the only coach living who has more victories than Hayes and might be the only one who is better known.

Even with all the interesting things Hayes does to get attention, he might not be as roundly, uh, regarded in Michigan as he has tried to be. A Battle Creek newspaper took a street poll before the game, trying to find out if people really did hate Woody. Twelve of the 18 sampled did not know who he was. One thought he was running for mayor. Nobody said he hated Woody.

Now if you were poor old Woody, wouldn't that make you mad? **END**

Picking high, Schembechler exits in the 14-6 win



LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT

It was billed as the Championship of Champions, a rather imposing name for a small-boat, around-the-buoys racing series, and the 20 skippers—huddled to their ears in sweaters, wet suits, flotation jackets, bright orange and yellow foul-weather gear—seemed an unlikely bunch for such a grand designation. But these were indeed champions, each the holder of a current world, North American or U.S. title in a major one-design class. They had been invited to the U.S. Naval Academy on chilly Chesapeake Bay to sail a six-race series in identical Chrysler Buccaneers, a two-man, 18-foot centerboard class, for the high purpose of finding a winner among winners, a champion of champions.

The first race last Thursday afternoon began in bright sunshine and brisk, southwest winds. However, by the time the fleet reached the first weather mark of the triangular, Olympic-style course, a line of gray clouds had appeared. As the race continued, the front moved in. On the final downwind leg an enormous wall of purple and black, veined with flashes of lightning, filled the western horizon.

As the racers neared the finish, the wind died, sprang up again, veered to one direction, then wheeled around to another. Derrick Fines, the Force 5 champion, finished first just before the storm struck. Gusts of 50 mph and higher sent boats screaming across the line, their crews struggling for control to avoid high-speed collisions. Within a minute more than half the fleet had capsized. Crews clung to the overturned hulks in the boiling water. Driving rain and high winds reduced visibility and scattered the boats. A second squall hit and, to add to the chaos, night fell. An hour after the race more than half the crews were still unaccounted for.

A woman on Tolly Point, a mile from

the course, welcomed six soggy champions to her house, reviving them with sherry. Down the beach another two drank Kool-Aid with an undertaker.

Eventually the sailors all turned up, but not all the boats. By race time on Friday three were still floating somewhere in the Bay and five were beached at various points. The boats that had returned had torn sails, dented hulls, missing spinnaker poles, hatch covers and rudder heads. Friday's events were called off.

Saturday dawned on a more hopeful scene. A new mast had arrived from Ohio to replace one that had broken, the last boat was found 12 miles away, sails were

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN





Storm clouds gather over the Chesapeake, but the racers sail on, soon to be swamped or beached.



sewn, hulls patched, parts replaced. The champions set forth. In moderate air, Tom Linskey, the Coronado 15 skipper from Newport Beach, Calif., led from start to finish in the morning race, then repeated his admirable performance in the afternoon. But on Sunday the weather once more won out. The Bay was glassy and the champions were becalmed. The regatta was cut short. Linskey and his crew, Jeff Lenhart, were awarded the champions' medals. And the weather, of course, got the booby prize.

—JULIA LAMB

PAYTON RUNS ALL OVER THE PLACE

O.J., step aside. Here comes Walter Payton of Chicago, and—whoosh! crunch! oof!—there he goes for 275 yards in the Bears' 10-7 victory over the Minnesota Vikings to break Simpson's NFL single-game rushing record by two yards.



The Chicago Bears' Walter Payton was once called an "insane" runner by O.J. Simpson. By "insane," Simpson explained, "I mean there often is no rhyme or reason to what the runner does, but it all works out. It's an instinct."

O.K., O.J., now move over and make room for Walter Payton in the NFL record book. Maybe you even ought to let Walter take your place in those Hertz commercials while you're recovering from your knee operation. Then again, maybe you shouldn't, because Payton says he "hates red lights" and has chosen "Mississippi Maniac" as his CB handle. But the least you can do for Payton after what he did last Sunday, O.J., is arrange a screen test for him with some of your Hollywood friends.

What Walter Payton did against the Minnesota Vikings at Chicago's Soldier Field was rush, gallop, stomp, cut, dive and squirm for a total of 275 yards to break by two yards the NFL single-game rushing record that Simpson set last Thanksgiving Day against the Detroit Lions. What Payton also did was lead the Bears to a 10-7 win over the Fran Tarkenton-less Vikings, which narrowed first-place Minnesota's lead in the NFC Central Division over onrushing Chicago to just one game.

"He's the best back in football," said Viking Coach Bud Grant. "I can't say anything about him that hasn't been said before. If I were better with words, maybe I could, but I'm not."

Payton—they call him Sweetness—has never been much of a word man, either, preferring to express himself with his feet. Following his record-shattering performance he kept repeating the names of the Bears' top offensive linemen—Tackle Ted Albrecht and Dennis Leah, both 23; Guards Revie Sorey, 24, Noah Jackson, 26; and Center Dan Peiffer, 26.

"They opened the holes and I just ran," said the 23-year-old Payton. "We just kept running sweeps and stringing out the Minnesota defense. It paid off. By the end of the game it seemed like the Vikings were tired. But our guys are young, they eat the right things, they get the right sleep and they weren't tired."

Payton, though, was tired even before the game. He was suffering the effects of a flu attack that had kept him in bed all Thursday and most of Friday. "I didn't

think I could do too much when I came out for the introductions," he said. Payton isn't much of a thought man, either.

On Chicago's first play Quarterback Bob Avellini handed Payton the ball, and off he darted to the right side behind Sorey's block. "When he gets around me," Sorey says, "I know he's gonna get at least five yards." Payton got around Sorey and rumbled for 29. The show was on. When the quarter ended, Payton had carried 13 times for 77 yards.

He passed the 100-yard mark—for the seventh time in Chicago's 10 games—on his 22nd carry, and at the half he had carried 26 times for 144 yards. There was nothing complicated about Payton's M.O. He attacked to his right again and again and again. In fact, Payton ran to his left only twice in the first half.

"I wish I had Payton's line in front of me," said Minnesota Running Back Chuck Foreman, who gained only 54 yards against the Bears. "There's no line that good, other than maybe St. Louis', and because the Chicago guys are so young, there's no limit to what Payton will be able to do."

Said Sorey, "We're the only line you'll see running 40 yards down field, looking for someone else to block. Each of us tries to outdo the other, tries to block two men on each play."

Payton, of course, is an inspiration to any offensive lineman. A graduate of Jackson State, the 5'11", 204-pounder was the Bears' No. 1 draft choice in 1975, and that year he rushed for 679 yards. Last season he exploded for 1,390, finishing second to Simpson in the NFL rushing race.

Payton resumed his assault on the Vikings after the intermission. He burst over right tackle for a couple of yards, then rolled around right end again for 19 more. The proud old Vikings were being embarrassed, and they didn't like it. Aroused, they held Payton to three yards on a draw, stopped him for no gain on a sweep and nailed him after two yards on a burst over right tackle. Then, for the first time all day, the Vikings rose up and threw Payton for a loss, dropping him a yard behind the line of scrimmage.

But just when the Vikings thought they had him in check, Payton did another number around right end for 22 yards, and at the end of the third quarter he had carried 34 times for 192 yards. Pay-

ton had rushed for 205 yards against Green Bay a month ago; he passed the 200-yard mark against the Vikings on his second rush in the final quarter, surprising the Minnesota line by going over left tackle for a change and picking up four yards. But it was back around right end for nine more yards on his next carry.

There was less than five minutes to play now, and Payton was 63 yards short of Simpson's record—too many yards, even the most diehard Chicago fans concluded. Not Payton, though.

Taking a handoff from Avellini on the Bears' 33, he busted over right tackle, cut to the right and galloped down the sidelines. "Besides his God-given ability, the thing I like about Payton that even some of the so-called great backs don't do is he knows which hand to keep the football in," says Gale Sayers, the onetime Chicago runner who had to retire prematurely in 1971 after several knee operations. "When he's going down the sideline, he keeps the ball in the outside hand so he can use the inside hand to ward off tacklers." Payton straight-armed a couple of Vikings with his free hand, bowled over a couple more, then stepped out of bounds after a gain of 58 yards.

Now he needed five yards to tie O.J. A sweep around left end netted three. Then on his 40th—and final—carry Payton went around the right side and picked up four more. He had 275 for the game, and O.J.'s record was wiped out.

"Say, Walter, did anybody mention O.J.'s record to you during the game?" Payton was asked.

"Never," Payton said. "I don't like people coming up and selling me stuff like that when the game's on."

"Well, Walter, can you do it again?" "Nobody knows that far ahead," Payton said. "Nobody knows what can happen. Only God knows."

"Is a 300-yard game possible?" "I don't know. You'll have to call him up."

Payton's yardage raised his season total to 1,404. He is the only NFL runner to have gained 1,000 yards this year, and he is 81 yards ahead of the pace O.J. set in 1973 when he established the NFL single-season rushing record of 2,003 yards. "Say, Walter, how would you defense Walter Payton?"

"Well," he said, "the night before the game I'd kidnap Walter Payton." **END**

Banned for life by one league after a sticking incident, Willie Trognitz resurfaced almost overnight in the WHA
by **PETER GAMMONS**

WILD WILLIE GETS A NEW LEASE ON LIFE

Until the night of Oct. 29, Raymond William (Wild Willie) Trognitz was just another guy banging out a living as a 10-grand-a-year minor league hockey bad man for the Dayton Owls. On that night in Port Huron, Mich., Trognitz banged his hockey stick over the head of an opponent named Archie Henderson. Five days later Wild Willie was "permanently suspended," banned for life from the International League, the lowest rung on the professional hockey ladder, by President William Beagan.

Unbelievably, just four days after that, the World Hockey Association's Cincinnati Stingers, in dire need of an on-ice policeman to protect their fancy skaters, asked the "permanently suspended" Trognitz to come play in the big leagues for them. And so there was Trognitz last week, relaxing in an Edmonton tavern with his new Cincinnati teammates, chasing down a big steak with a beer and reflecting on the events that had so changed his life.

"They'll never believe this story back in Thunder Bay," Trognitz said.

"Willie," said Cincinnati Captain Rick Dudley, "they wouldn't believe your story anywhere."

L'affaire Trognitz has rocked a hockey world still reeling from government investigations into violence as well as a battery of lawsuits and prosecutions by district attorneys for alleged crimes on the ice. Outrageous seemed to be the only word for it. Here hockey is purportedly trying to clean up its act, and a big league team hires an admitted tough guy who has been suspended for life.

As Trognitz went to work for the Stingers, Beagan seemed to be softening his stand. The "permanent suspension," Beagan indicated, really was an "expulsion subject to future review." Beagan was also preparing for a Dec. 1 hearing on Trognitz' appeal of the lifetime ban.

Trognitz has been on his best behavior in Cincinnati, so far picking up only one minor penalty



And he has been threatened with a lawsuit by Dayton owner Al Savill and has been characterized as a "name-seeking egomaniac" by Dayton General Manager Moe Baribol.

Bending an elbow at Lucifer's an Edmonton, Trognitz seemed amused by the furor he had created. "Hockey's a game that condones fighting," he said. "Strange, isn't it? Beigan tries to change that, and here I am smoking a buck-twenty-five cigar in the bigs."

The Trognitz-Henderson skirmish had erupted at the conclusion of a game-ending, bench-clearing brawl between the Dayton and Port Huron players that produced 229 minutes in penalties. As the game ended, with Port Huron winning 4-1, Dayton's Rick Dorman and the Flags' Gary Rivling resumed an earlier fight. Trognitz, who was leaving the penalty box, rushed to join the fight along with players from both benches, and in quick order there was a battle royal. Henderson, a 6' 6", 218-pound right wing, grabbed Dayton's John Fleisch by the shirt. Wild Willie, a left wing, who is 6 feet tall and weighs almost 215 pounds, skated to Fleisch's defense, jumping Henderson from behind and landing five or six punches to the face—one of which apparently broke Henderson's nose.

Henderson, Fleisch and Trognitz went down in a heap, and along came Port Huron's Gary McMonagle to pull Trognitz off Henderson. Trognitz responded by pounding McMonagle several times. After that Trognitz skated to the Dayton bench and was talking with Coach Nick Polino as the officials, general managers and police tried to get the two teams to their dressing rooms.

At that point Henderson put down his gloves and stick, broke away from a linesman and charged around the rink and up the boards toward Trognitz.

There are differing accounts as to what happened next.

Port Huron people say Henderson stopped a few feet short of Wild Willie, put up his fists and challenged him to a fight, whereupon Trognitz took his stick and creased Henderson across the forehead.

Trognitz and the Dayton people claim that Henderson charged Trognitz, and the startled Trognitz reacted with a fly-caster's wave of his stick that happened to catch Henderson on the forehead.

Port Huron people say Trognitz hit

Henderson with a full two-handed swing.

Dayton's Fleisch maintains that teammate Trognitz' swing was "a kiss. If he'd swung, he'd have gotten him on the head and fractured his skull."

Dazed, his nose mangled, Henderson staggered backward and retired to the Port Huron dressing room. Meanwhile, a Port Huron fan climbed onto the Dayton bench and punched Trognitz in the temple. Wild Willie fell back, and Polano chased the fan into the stands. Port Huron owner Morris Seider called the outbreak the "worst I've seen in 27 years." When it was over, Wild Willie had a record 63 minutes in penalties, and Henderson had eight stitches, a broken nose and a slight concussion. He spent the night in a Port Huron hospital.

"There's no question that what I did was wrong," Trognitz says. "I hit him on the head with my stick, and stick swinging can't be part of the game. But I'd already finished a game, I had had two fights and I was exhausted. This giant lunatic charges me, screaming, 'I'm gonna kill you,' so I reacted, figuring he'll never eat five feet of lumber to get at me. They told us before the game that Henderson was a bloody lunatic, and I was just trying to get him to stop."

Henderson, a pro rookie, arrived in Port Huron with a reputation as a player who shouldn't be messed with. In the previous two seasons, in which he played in only 99 games, Henderson spent 523 minutes in the penalty boxes of the rough Western Canadian Junior League—more than five minutes per game. While playing for the Victoria, British Columbia, Cougars last season, Henderson was charged with and convicted of assault for his actions in a game at Kamloops, B.C. Washington selected Henderson in the 10th round of the NHL's amateur draft last summer, and when he reported to training camp the Capitals roomed the tough rookie with all-time NHL penalty leader Bucky Watson. In the Capitals' first three intrasquad scrimmages, Henderson had five fights.

Henderson, 20, is considered a solid prospect by the Capitals, who sent him to Port Huron for seasoning. On the other hand, Trognitz, 24, has always been regarded strictly as someone doomed to a career on buses, \$3-a-day meal money and a *Slapshot* reputation as a box-office attraction in such towns as Dayton, Toledo, Muskegon, Saginaw and Port

Huron. In his three-plus seasons in the International League, Trognitz has scored only 40 goals in 215 games. He has also accumulated 827 penalty minutes and two suspensions. In 1975 he took a 10-game unpaid sabbatical for jumping a referee in a runway in Toledo. In 1976 he got a two-game ban for high-

continued



Archie Henderson emerged with a broken nose

sticking a Toledo player, although the Toledo coach, Ted Garvin, says it was "totally accidental."

"Willie was the league's gunslinger," says Washington's Billy Riley, who played in the International League for 2½ seasons. "Every kid who came into the league tried to earn his spurs by fighting Trognitz."

In suspending Trognitz for life, Beagan said, "As the conscience of this league, I'm supposed to try to determine its course. Suppose a guy walks down the street carrying a stick 53 inches long, weighing 23 ounces, and clobbers another man with it. I think he'd be charged with criminal assault. You have to think of the societal aspects of hockey in communities. Suspension was the only deterrent in a case of this character."

Four days after Trognitz was suspended, his name came up in a lunch conversation between Bill DeWitt Jr., the executive vice-president of the Stingers, and Lefty McFadden, DeWitt's assistant and a longtime IHL coach and general manager. The Stingers had high expectations for a big season, but at the time they were 1-8, in last place and drawing poorly. "We have a small, skating team and were getting pushed around," says

DeWitt. "We had been trying to find someone to protect our Robbie Fiorek." Fiorek, who weighs only 150 pounds, had been involved in two of the Stingers' three fights this season, including one with Winnipeg's Kim Clarkson, perhaps the WHA's best brawler.

Dayton owner Savill, who also owns the NHL's Pittsburgh Penguins, well recognizes the value of an enforcer such as Trognitz. Three weeks ago Savill's Penguins paid a heavy price to acquire tough guy Dave (Hammer) Schultz from the Los Angeles Kings. "If we hadn't gotten Schultz, we'd have given Trognitz a chance in Pittsburgh," says Savill. "Believe me, not only can't you win without an enforcer, it's hard to put people in your building if you don't have one."

So the Stingers contacted Bartoli and Trognitz. A deal—\$150 a game for 10 games—was worked out, and Bartoli gave Stinger personnel director Jerry Rafter a number where he could reach Trognitz in Dayton. "The voice at the other end answered 'Pioneer Lounge,'" says Rafter. "I thought, 'Oh, God, what are we doing?'" The WHA asked the same thing, and put Wild Willie on probation for 30 days. The league also forced Cincinnati to post a \$25,000 bond that

would be forfeited "should Trognitz seriously violate any WHA rules."

And the Stinger players? "When we heard about it, we all thought it was ridiculous," says Dudley. "When he walked in, we all kind of stared at him. I expected some seed who couldn't talk. Then I noticed he was carrying a backgammon board. So I went up to him, and it turns out he's just a nice kid with a wife and a daughter who'll do anything to play hockey."

In Wild Willie's first WHA game, Cincinnati played host to Birmingham, a team that features 215-pound Gilles (Bad News) Bilodeau, and the Stingers drew a crowd of 8,118, including some 1,500 fans who drove the 50 miles from Dayton. "Let's face it, the goons are back," says Cincinnati All-Star Center Richie Ledac. "I'm not knocking Willie. He's a nice kid who works incredibly hard, but apparently hockey people have decided they want goons. It makes me wonder where the game is going."

Trognitz did not fight Bilodeau or any of the other Bulls in his WHA debut, and halfway through his 10-game trial he still had not thrown his first punch. Penalties? Only one, a two-minute assessment for tripping. Cincinnati Coach Jacques Demers has used Trognitz strictly as a policeman, spotting him against the opposition's chief hatchman. When Birmingham put Bilodeau on the ice, Demers waved Trognitz into the game. When Quebec sent out Curt Brackenbury, Demers countered with Trognitz. "Nobody pushed us around," said Demers, "and we won both games."

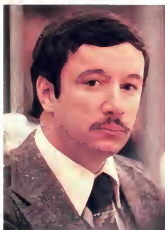
In Edmonton on Wednesday, the Stingers lost 6-4 and Trognitz played eight shifts, most of them against 200-pound Oiler rookie Dave Semenko. He also took some grief. "Hey, don't take yourself seriously," screamed Edmonton Coach Glen Sather. "You're still a cement head."

"Bleep you, come out here," said Wild Willie.

He was on the ice for one Stinger goal and later got a shot—a Hoyt Wilhelm knuckler—on Edmonton Goalie Dave Dryden. But Wild Willie skates as if he's carrying a trunk through an airport, and he handles the puck as if it were a basketball, so Demers kept him out of Friday night's game that Cincinnati lost to Edmonton 4-3 in overtime.

"I want to be a player, someone who checks and mucks it out in the corners,"

continued



Demers (above) wants Trognitz to keep rivals honest in banning Trognitz. Beagan acted as "the conscience of the league."



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WILD WILLIE continued

says Willie. "But the game condones fighting. It's part of hockey, and I'm proud of my ability to throw a punch. I don't want to injure anyone but I want the other guy to be afraid of coming back, so it's my job to hurt him. If gouging and scratching are necessary, I'll do it. Everyone else does. I'm no stick man. I don't get misconducts. Other guys get 400 minutes in penalties with misconducts. My minutes come in five-minute parcels. I prefer it toe to toe."

Trognitz has five broken knuckles, three broken noses and a broken jaw to show for his bouts. And his knuckles are so swollen they have to be heavily taped in order for him to put on his gloves.

"I broke a kid's nose in January with a punch, and afterward Lou Fontinato told me it was the hardest punch he'd ever seen," says Trognitz. "That was the biggest thrill I had as a kid."

Drafted by the NHL's California Seals in 1974, Trognitz "fought my way through training camp so someone would notice me." He spent that season with Charlotte of the now-defunct Southern League, and in 48 games had five goals and 147 penalty minutes. The next season Trognitz played at Toledo. The Blades had drawn only 70,000 the previous year, so Ted Garvin put together a fighting team, and the Blades drew 200,000. Wild Willie was on a line with badmen Paul Tantardini and Doug Mahood that was called "Murder, Inc." One time Kalamazoo hired a tough forward named Dave Smith and put him at center for the opening face-off. Wild Willie lined up opposite Smith, and before the referee could drop the puck the two of them were going at it.

"Garvin used to whisper, 'Willie, it's quiet, go get someone,'" says Trognitz. "After a while I got tired of being used."

Wild Willie had 305 penalty minutes, ninth in the league, and four goals in his first year at Toledo. Last season, playing in Columbus, he was down to 232 penalty minutes, 15th in the league, and up to 21 goals. "One thing he's always done," says Garvin, "is stop scorers. He's an effective kid."

But Wild Willie's effectiveness for Cincinnati may be limited to just the 10 games of his trial.

"Hey, I hear they may cut my life ban to a short suspension," Trognitz said.

"Willie, don't say that too loud," said Dudley. "They'll send you back to Toledo."

END

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A CONVERSATION WITH CHAIRMAN AL

by LARRY KEITH

As a basketball coach, Al McGuire was an original—outspoken and innovative and a winner through and through. He began his career as an assistant at Dartmouth, moved to the head job at little Belmont Abbey in North Carolina and spent the last 13 seasons at Marquette, where he was twice Coach of the Year and where he produced an NIT and an NCAA champion. He won 404 games and lost 144, but it was his flamboyant style that really set him apart. After winning the national title last spring, he retired from coaching to become vice-chairman of the board of Medallist Industries, a sporting goods conglomerate, and a color man for NBC. Recently he took time out from his work to offer predictably unorthodox views on the present and future of the college game.

SK: That was a dramatic touch, winning the NCAA championship in the last game of your career.

McGUIRE: Actually, if I had known we were going to win, I wouldn't have made plans to quit, because I don't think it's manly to leave after you win.

SK: But this way you left your successor, Hank Raymonds, with some talent.

McGUIRE: My original plan was for Hank to coach last year's team with me as athletic director. Then I would have gone to Medallist in May. Hank would have become the AD, and somebody else would have coached this season. I couldn't do it because the Medallist board didn't make its decision until the season had started. Also, Hank told me he wanted to coach more than one year. My plan might have offended him, but though I think he's a great coach, I honestly felt we'd had our Shangri-La together.

continued



St: Did you have someone in mind to coach this season?

McGUIRE: No, I wouldn't have gotten involved. I never even thought about it.

St: What is your relationship with the school now?

McGUIRE: I'm gone. I said, "If you need me, call me. I'd be flattered, but otherwise I won't interfere." The only games I'll see will be the ones I'll cover for NBC. The toughest thing about all of this for me is that it means I've got to keep away from the players. Several of them have come down to my office at Medallist but I wouldn't see them. I'd love to have a beer and talk about the championship, but that's going to have to wait until they graduate. Every school in the heavy-weight division has periods of crisis and dissension, and I can't let myself be the players' sounding board if they have one of those periods at Marquette.

St: Well, you can talk to us about the championship. What did it mean to you?

McGUIRE: Obviously it was an immense pleasure, but I really only thought about it a month or so later when I was motorbiking up in Nova Scotia. I was going into Truro, and I said to myself, "Yeah, it was nice to win that."

St: But what did you feel the night you won it?

McGUIRE: I was thinking about something else, really. When I got on the bus to go to the airport, it struck me that this would be the last time I would sit in the front seat. All my life I had wanted to sit in the front because that's where the coach always sits.

St: While you were sitting there, what went through your mind?

McGUIRE: That it had been a nice run, a good ride. A lot of the kids I had coached flashed through my mind. And I thought about the Police Athletic League games and the fights and the early years of six guys getting into a car to play in Wilkes-Barre or Elmira. If you didn't give the crowd three fights in a game they weren't happy. The halftime always lasted an hour and a half so there could be a dance. By the time you got back to play, the floor was slippery. That's what I was thinking about. All those things, and what made them happen. Maybe because I never thought I would win a national championship.

St: You didn't? Why not?

McGUIRE: Because of the way I coached I didn't build for particular games or particular seasons. I built for continuity.

That is not the best way to get the greatest team in sight and win the national championship. Besides, I had five or six teams better than last year's.

St: John Wooden's UCLA teams were consistent but they also won national titles.

McGUIRE: When you talk about normal coaches and normal systems, you have to eliminate Coach Wooden. But I think Dean Smith works about the way I do. North Carolina is always good, but I don't know if this is the smart way of doing it if you want to build to a national championship. Take Bobby Knight's 1976 Indiana team. Four seniors and a junior, and all dynamite. And North Carolina State when it won with David Thompson and the big white kid [Tom Burleson] underneath. San Francisco is taking its one shot now, but then there will be a drought.

St: What makes a team a winner?

McGUIRE: I view it differently from most people. To me the important things are scheduling, referees, coaching and material—in that order.

St: Perhaps you had better explain. You just put 200 recruiters out of work.

McGUIRE: I rank scheduling first, because that includes not just whom you play but when and where you play them. For instance, South Carolina opens this year against Minnesota and Alabama. That's Dunkirk. You're supposed to play your first game against East Cupcake.

St: Where are the toughest places to play?

McGUIRE: DePaul is one, because it's a real pit. I always liked Notre Dame, because when you go there you must be confident, aggressive and obnoxious. Otherwise they'll blow you out. They'll give you Pat O'Brien and *The Late Show* and the Gipper walking across the Golden Dome. But going there is something I'll miss.

St: You placed officials second.

McGUIRE: Officials are very good people who want to be part of the sports world, but the public doesn't understand that coaching is a livelihood and refereeing is a supplement. A referee can sit on a barstool all week, come out to a game with a hangover and his belly hanging out, and we're not supposed to say anything. I used to classify officials as red-necks or flowers. A red-neck would come back at you if you got on him, a flower would wilt.

St: For someone who enjoyed sitting in the front of the bus so much, it's

surprising you placed coaching third. **McGUIRE:** I was talking the first time about coaching as a profession. It's mainly and honorable. Coaches are the last of the cowboys, the last of the truly manly Americans are in coaching. But coaches must realize that they are only coffee breaks. People only talk about sports when they are away from the office. When they go back to work, they worry about their real problems—about their stomach trouble or their daughter dating a crook—not whether Jack Armstrong scored 25 points or not.

St: What problems confront coaches?

McGUIRE: Security, mainly. Your life depends on a 19-year-old, freckle-faced player. Your unity and your whole season can be blown if the cheerleader gets pregnant. Look, I know the fears coaches have. I know how it is when you've lost five or six in a row and the flower of your youth is gone and you're worrying about what you can do next. I know what it's like when the student body is booring and the papers are writing bad things.

St: Would it help if coaches had tenure?

McGUIRE: Yes. When a school hires a coach, it should give him a five-year contract. Then if it rehires him, the school marries him. They sleep together.

St: What if he turns sour and starts to lose? Can't the school divorce him?

McGUIRE: Yes, but at least he would have a guarantee of doing something else, teaching or raising funds.

St: Let's get specific. Who are the best coaches in basketball now?

McGUIRE: The true coaching is in high school where you take the kid with the underwear hanging out. There you're a teacher, but on the college level you get what you want and then you mold.

St: If you were an AD looking for a coach, whom would you want to hire?

McGUIRE: A lot of them. I have a Will Rogers philosophy about coaches.

St: Come on now, there are good and bad coaches, just like in any other job.

McGUIRE: There are coaches who coach material, and there are others who can coach better when they don't have material. Gene Barrow does better without material. I mean that as a compliment, but with five blue-chip players he has a problem getting them to the tournament. He's more of a technical coach. Guy Lewis at Houston does better when he has material. I was a material coach, too.

St: How else do you account for your success?

McGUIRE: I was a good bench coach. And there is no doubt that I was a black coach, although I never said "hey, man" or gave out any of those Knights of Columbus handshakes. And in all the years I coached no one ever realized that the most disciplined team—not in the United States, but in the world—was Marquette. All people saw was the carnival atmosphere, the fancy uniforms, me kicking and yelling and the players yelling back. But, hey, there was no hanky-panky on the court.

SI: Would you like to be remembered with the Ibus, Rupps and Woodens?

McGUIRE: It would be nice. But if I'd won as often as Wooden, you'd need four guys to carry my head around.

SI: What about Bobby Knight? He has been up and down the last two years.

McGUIRE: Bobby is an excellent coach. If you want to have a successful program over a long period, he's your man.

SI: Oh, so as AD, you would hate him?

McGUIRE: Well, I'd hire Dean Smith, too, but here you're talking apples and oranges. Dean adjusts to things a little more. Bobby is still a General Patton type—you know, into machine guns.

SI: Getting back to your list of ingredients, you put material last. Why?

McGUIRE: I guess that's counter to the whole universe, but to me material is only No. 4, because you can have the best talent in the world and still lose if the other three aren't set properly. There are 500 great high school players every year. The key is getting the maximum effort and eliminating all the dissension.

SI: What about the illegal recruiting that sometimes occurs in getting those first-rate players?

McGUIRE: When the scandals happen, they're the result of the fears and pressures I was talking about before. A coach thinks a certain player can make him highly representative. It's not very smart, though, and it's pretty tough to get away with.

SI: Did the NCAA ever investigate Marquette?

McGUIRE: They started to before Bernard Toome came to school two years ago. A few questions arose, and we told the NCAA we wouldn't take him if there was going to be a problem. But nothing serious came up.

SI: Are you aware of any alumnus giving a player favors after he arrived?

McGUIRE: I'm going to answer your question with a question: How does a

player from a poor family fly home when his mother or father dies?

SI: Did you ever answer that question?

McGUIRE: Well, the kid's got to get home.

SI: Do you think the NCAA exercises proper authority in its investigative and enforcement procedures?

McGUIRE: My main problem with the NCAA is that it has no respect for coaches. If a coach went to a leper colony, they wouldn't send him five dollars. The guys on the investigating crew will all be conference commissioners someday, and the infractions committee is composed of six guys who get into games for free. I just wish the whole organization would be more concerned about the coaches and athletes, and forget about trying to control the whole athletic world.

SI: What, specifically, should it do?

McGUIRE: The main thing they should change is the way they blackmail a school on probation into releasing its coach. You shouldn't take a man's livelihood away from him. There are certain things that cannot be done, even if the person is worse than John Dillinger. The NCAA does it like Pontius Pilate; it pretends to be washing its hands, when what it's really saying is "crucify that guy." I have no super love for Jerry Tarkanian, but they had bounty hunters out after him in Las Vegas. It was like they had made a contract in New York for a hit man, a button man.

SI: Should the NCAA have the authority to declare an athlete ineligible?

McGUIRE: Not under any conditions. The young person doesn't know what's going on.

SI: He knows what's illegal.

McGUIRE: Hey, coaches are hypnotists. When we bring high school kids in to visit, we've got brodie paths that we walk them on. We push a button and the lights go on. You put me with a 17-year-old kid, pal, and I'll leave him in a tailspin. Now you're going to turn around and tell him he flew out to this school twice so he's ineligible for the next two years? What are you talking about? You can't crush his life and his career because of what professionals tell him.

SI: What are some of the changes you anticipate in the future?

McGUIRE: I'm not wacked out but I think that in a few years the students will pick the coach, and the athletes will sue the coach if they think they are not getting enough playing time to help their professional chances. I think that

the lane will be made wider and that anything that happens around the basket while a player is in the air will be legal. I believe that after an offensive rebound the ball should be passed once before it can be shot again. And I think you're going to see a rule that will restrict a team's combined height on the court at any one time to maybe—this is a guess—32 feet.

SI: That would drive coaches crazy who substitute freely.

McGUIRE: Don't be thinking about now. Think about the future. Eventually the officials' whistle will be tied in with the clock so it will start and stop at the right instant. I also think there should be a 24- or 30-second shot clock in the last five minutes of the game. Something I'm not in favor of that will probably happen is the use of instant replay to review an official's call. But if the official is correct there should be a severe penalty—like foul shots or loss of ball—slapped on the protesting team.

SI: Perhaps we'd better return to the present. Are you going to miss not coaching this year?

McGUIRE: Yes, but I'll play tricks on myself. Maybe read a lot and take a trip to New Zealand before the TV job starts. This will be the first time in 35 years or more than I won't be involved in short pants in the winter. You know, I don't know how to ice-skate or what Christmas morning is like without a game three days away. Once the season began I could never really appreciate things.

SI: Do you think you'll ever want to come back?

McGUIRE: No way. I've got to move on to other things. It will be difficult, of course, because I had smoke rings blown at me all those years. I was fortunate, because I won.

SI: All right, before you go, what will you miss most?

McGUIRE: The dance at halftime. I thought that was the best thing of all.

Something you should not miss in this season's college preview beginning on the next page. It starts with a look at the game's best shooters and moves on to scouting reports on the Top 20, the Best of the Rest, the small colleges and the women's teams.

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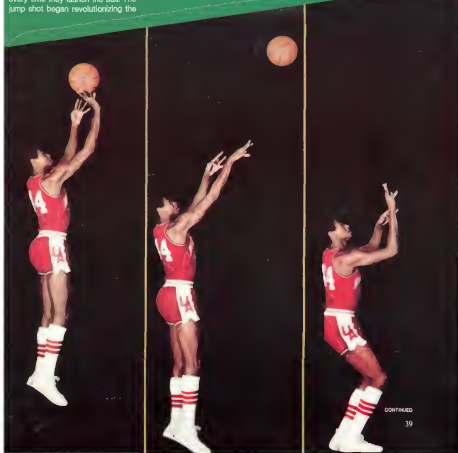
HOTTEST OF THE HOT SHOTS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEN ROSS



Arkansas' Marvin Delph has good reason to be waving his index finger. After all, he's got the No. 1 shot on the No. 1 shooting team in the country. That is no mean accomplishment these days, when every college from little Indiana State, with its low-profile but high-flying Larry Bird, to superpowers like North Carolina, which has deadly Phil Ford, seems to list at least one player on its roster who hits better than 50% of his field-goal tries. The reason for the soaring percentages is that the shooters are leaping every time they launch the ball. The jump shot began revolutionizing the

game about 30 years ago, when, says Adolph Rupp, "it busted on us out of nowhere." As Delph demonstrates in the motion-picture sequence below, the jumper has the advantage of allowing the shooter to release the ball from high above the defense while keeping a steady eye on the hoop. And in an era when almost all players have perfected the jumper, none has sharper aim than Delph and the hot shots on the following pages.



CONTINUED



Goalie-in" Greg Sanders used his fearless release to hit 61% in the Bonnie" AIT victory

The perfect arches of Phil Ford's shots have made the Tar Heel's golden for three seasons







AN IDEA THAT'S GOTTEN WAY OFF THE GROUND

by KENT HANNON

Even in the precise terms used in physics, the endeavor seems so fraught with variables as to preclude any chance for consistent success. What we refer to here is the act of propelling a 22-ounce sphere 9.5 inches in diameter through a metal circle only 18 inches in diameter, located 10 feet off the ground and 20 feet away. A mathematician might go about solving the problem by using the following equation (written by Enoch J. Durbin, professor of aerospace and mechanical sciences at Princeton):

$$R(\text{range}) = \frac{V^2(\text{velocity})}{G(\text{gravity})} 2 \sin \theta$$

Turn all this into a game by putting the sphere into human hands and stationing some hungry 6' 8" defender between our hero and the hoop, and the maneuver, it seems, becomes more difficult to master than quantum mechanics. And yet college basketball players have shot better and better ever since the rule makers cut the bottom out of Dr. Naismith's peach baskets. In recent seasons, their rate of improvement has accelerated almost exponentially.

During the first half of this century, styles of play varied widely by region. The Midwest was known for its long-range gunners. The purists in the East derived more pleasure from tricky passes and driving layups. In the West they played some heavy defense, both before and during the mid-'50s, when Bill Russell led San Francisco to back-to-back NCAA titles—despite team field-goal percentages of less than 40%.

Nowadays, when it seems everybody, everywhere, can shoot the lights out, a percentage like that would not win a pickup game at the Y. Why else would all those coaches be screaming about the importance of defense? Somebody, somewhere, they say, must figure out how to stop this deadly firing. After all, the national shooting average last season was a record .467, and as Washington Coach Marv Harshman says, "If we don't hit

48% as a team, we aren't going to win anything."

Witness the fact that Tulane led Arkansas—the 1976-77 team leader in field-goal percentage with .545—by a score of 38-28 at halftime in New Orleans last season, and Tulane then came out and hit 16 of 20 shots in the second half and still lost. The red-hot Razorbacks scored 48 points in the final 20 minutes of that game. It is no wonder that they had two players among the country's top 10 shooters—Sidney Moncrief (.649) was third and Ron Brewer (.610) was 10th—while Wingman Marvin Delph, whom we will talk about later, really had the best shot on the team.

St. Bonaventure was also an opponent you would not want to challenge to a game of H-O-R-S-E. The Bonnies drilled 21 out of 25 in the second half against Virginia Tech, aided by a combined 15-for-15 performance by Greg Sanders and Essee Hollis. And lately, even some guys who do not have overwhelming natural ability have been riddling defenses by adhering to a simple principle: take only what you can make.

Frank Sowinski's Princeton teammates call him "Kielbasa" because of his heavy legs. Comparatively slow, Sowinski got off only 10 shots per game last season, yet his scoring average was 16.8. The reason: Sowinski shot .632 from the field, even though he most often launched his jumper from far outside. Joe Senser of West Chester (Pa.) State took only two shots from farther away than 10 feet in '76-'77, making both of those and a lot of others on the way to breaking Lew Alcindor's single-season field-goal shooting record with a .699 percentage. Said Senser of his record, "I couldn't even tie Alcindor's shoelaces."

The standard for shooting excellence

has risen sharply in recent years. In 1972 only six major colleges shot .500. In 1976-77 no fewer than 35 teams did. For the moment, the percentage barrier appears to be .540, and of the seven teams ever to attain that figure, four hit it last season—Arkansas, UNC-Wilmington (.544), West Texas State (.542) and Utah (.540).

John Wooden's pet statistic, the first one he would look for on a postgame stat sheet, was the opposition's field-goal percentage. He was not as concerned about UCLA's shooting as with the success an opponent had against the Bruin defense. Risking heresy, a former pupil of Wooden's now begs to differ. Says Louisville Coach Denny Crum, "I think the day has come when great shooting can beat great defense."

A turnaround in numbers supports Crum's theory. Last season, for the first time since the NCAA began keeping track of such trivia, the 20 top-ranked teams in field-goal percentage won more often than did the top 20 in field-goal-percentage defense or the leaders in any other statistical category except scoring margin—which is always tops because games are ultimately won or lost according to the point totals on the scoreboard.

At last count, experts had cited at least 47 different reasons for this surge in shooting accuracy. They include everything from rounder basketballs to videotape machines to shooting gloves. However, an old Bill Bradley quotation ("Practice . . . because when you don't somebody, somewhere, is, and when they play you, they will beat you") underlines the most important new element in the game—it has become a 12-month endeavor for everyone, coach or player, who wants to do more than just play out a schedule.

Example A: UNC-Charlotte hoped to clean up its recruiting while the memory of last season's fourth-place finish in the NCAA tournament was still fresh. So it scheduled a two-week trip to Argentina for October and told high school recruits that this was the kind of broadening experience they could expect if they decided to come to school in Charlotte. The tour also gave the #9ers' incoming freshmen nine games of international com-

continued

Sensory jumpers by Indiana State's Larry Bird (top) and Portland State's Freeman Williams have made big winners out of their small schools

petition before they ever played a college game, thereby allowing UNCC to get a big jump on its opponents, who had to be content with six weeks of intrasquad scrimmages back home. The 49ers were not even playing hooky, because while they were competing in Argentina, they were also enrolled in Geography 402-H, a three-credit course taught by Dr. Jim Clay, a UNCC professor who went along in the back of the bus. To square things with the NCAA, there was even a final exam.

Example B: When Phil Ford was a sophomore at North Carolina, he started playing organized ball on Oct. 15, 1975, the day fall practice began. Counting UNC's 1975-76 season, the Olympic tryout camp, a summer tour of Europe, the Montreal Olympics, last fall's practice sessions and the 1976-77 season, Ford was scarcely off the court for 17 consecutive months.

Example C: Kevin Nance, son of Iowa State Coach Lynn Nance, was recently invited to try out for an all-star team that will tour the People's Republic of China. Kevin is 13 years old.

But the single-mindedness with which players of all ages now dedicate themselves to basketball is not explanation enough for the shooting boom. Nor is the return to college games of the dunk, which was attempted so few times last season that it was a statistically insignificant factor in the rising shooting percentages. Because the dunk is too specialized to rehearse during all those workouts in gyms from Buena Park to Buenos Aires, the players practice a more useful shot, the game's ultimate weapon—the jumper. Curiously, no one seems to know from where it came. In fact, as often happens when basketball nuts congregate, the origin of the jump shot was the subject of heated debate in the *Los Angeles Times*' city room only a few weeks ago.

"It was the day Bert Lance resigned," recalls Sports Deskman George Kresda, "but somehow we all got involved in a squabble over who invented the jumper. We couldn't agree on one person, but whoever it was, he revolutionized basketball just as surely as Babe Ruth revolutionized baseball. The first answer you usually get is Hank Luisetti of Stanford, around 1936. But even Luisetti doesn't claim to have shot the ball the way kids do today. His was a running one-hand

push. Chances are, the jump shot was developed by accident—like penicillin—but at least we know Sir Alexander Fleming discovered penicillin."

When SPORTS ILLUSTRATED conducted an informal survey, the answers seemed to depend on what player lived down the street from the person queried. It uncovered some names unfamiliar to those who, when they think of great college jump shooters, invariably begin with Oscar, then mention West, Mount and Carr on their way to the present. For the edification of those who think the jumper originated with Oscar Robertson at the University of Cincinnati in 1957, here is a random sampling of the responses to the SI poll:

JOHN WOODEN

"Bob Kessler and Jewell Young at Purdue in the mid-1930s."

LSU COACH DALE BROWN

"Arnie Groninger, a teammate of mine at Model Minot High in North Dakota, around 1940."

ADOLPH RUPP

"It just busted on us out of nowhere."

KANSAS COACH TEO OWENS

"Preacher Bill Flynt."

NOTRE DAME COACH DIGGER PHELPS

"In the Jewish Alps—around Grossingers—in the early 1950s."

OKLAHOMA ASSISTANT DOG ASH

"John Cooper, a professor of kinesiology at Indiana University."

Other intriguing nominees included Garland Pinholster of North Georgia College, Glenn (The Pound Pivot) Roberts and two fair-to-middlin' players who became sportscasters—Curt Gowdy of Wyoming and Bud Palmer of Princeton. Everyone but Sir Alex Fleming got at least one vote.

With each curious response, it became clearer that it is impossible to establish who invented the jump shot. It is easy, however, to name the man who popularized it. That distinction goes to the late Joe Fulks, a little-known player at Murray State in 1943, who as a member of the Philadelphia Warriors after World War II became the first box-office attraction in the old BAA, a forerunner of the NBA.

Before the advent of the jump shot, the two-hand set ruled the day. It was impossible to get the set shot off in close quarters, so teams relied on intricate passing sequences—sometimes weaving 20 or 30 hand-offs into a single play—before someone got free long enough to face

the basket; squat and let fly. The game was played exclusively on the floor. Even rebounders were usually content to congregate around the basket and wait for the ball to come to them.

Luisetti began a trend in December 1936 when he and his one-hand shot came to Madison Square Garden and helped Stanford beat LIU, which had won 43 straight games. The score, 45-31, was shockingly high for that era. Later Luisetti scored 50 points all by himself against Duquesne, and the college game was never the same.

The offensive man began to dictate the terms, which increased both scoring and attendance. Year by year, as the competitors grew taller and the need for shooting clearance increased, the point of release on players' shots crept higher. Kenny Sailors used a shot somewhat like the jumper when Wyoming won the 1943 NCAA title and he was named MVP. But by then, Fulks, a slender 6' 5" forward, was already shooting the genuine overhead jump shot at Murray State. He subsequently used it while averaging an astounding 23.4 points in 1946 to lead the BAA in scoring. Fulks, however, was no purist. He had a wild assortment of shots, and he left it to his Warrior teammate Paul Arizin to refine the jumper, and to Bill Sharman of USC and the Celtics to perfect it.

The essentials of the shot these men devised have not changed; the elements that differentiate the jumper from its predecessors remain the vertical leap and the release of the ball from above the head. Only the height of the jump and the precise position of the ball when it is cocked overhead tend to vary much from player to player.

Unlike the two-hand set, the jumper eliminates the need for tedious pattern movement to clear a player for a shot, even without outside help, the man with the ball can maneuver himself into position for a high-percentage shot. In fact, the dazzling moves of today's stars are largely the result of the freedom the jumper brought to the game.

Like Luisetti's shot, the jumper is a one-hander, which ballistics experts testify is the most accurate way to shoot a ball. But unlike Luisetti's shot, the jumper is launched from the top of the head, all the better to get it over an opponent's outstretched hands, and it is shot off a vertical leap, not a lateral one. *Continued*

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laws of ballistics apply. While Luisetti (and others who played as recently as Bob Cousy and Lenny Wilkens and used a shot similar to his) floated laterally through the air, his range and angle to the basket constantly changed. Ideally, a jumper shooter should land on the same spot from which he took off. His range and angle never change. In artillerymen's terms, the jumper provides the shooter with a "stable platform" from which to fire.

The advantages of the jumper were quickly recognized by players, and before 1960 it had become the standard outside shot throughout the country. Since then, all those year-round players have been so successful with it that even conservative coaches like Princeton's Pete Carril have come to hold the jumper in the same high regard that Henry Iba used to hold the layup. "Our offense is designed to get the open 15-foot jumper," says Sowinski.

Along with Sowinski, a goodly number of the 424 college starters who cracked the 500 barrier last season will be back and worth watching this winter. One of them is N.E. Louisiana's Calvin Natt, a 6' 5" forward who is not afraid to range far from the basket and who connected on 12 of 13 shots against Georgia State last season. Others are two velvet-smooth swingmen, Winford Boynes of San Francisco and Mike Woodson of Indiana; and two superb sophomore guards, Ron Perry of Holy Cross and Kyle Macy of Kentucky.

But consideration of the most dangerous offensive players in the country, game wreckers who can destroy an opponent from just about anywhere on the floor with jump shots of unnerving accuracy, must include these five:

LARRY BIRD

His first shot of the season, a ram-paging slam dunk at the end of a fast break, alerted long-suffering Indiana State fans that a new era was dawning. His last shot, a twisting baseline attempt that rolled off the rim in the final seconds of a game at Houston's Hofheinz Pavilion, would, if it had fallen, have sent the Sycamores to New York for the quarterfinals of last year's NIT. In between those two field-goal attempts, Larry Bird, a player so little known outside of Terre Haute, Ind. that he can only be called basketball's secret weapon, displayed wall-to-wall talent and

the finest all-round game in the country.

He ended the season as the nation's No. 3 scorer (32.8) and No. 7 rebounder (13.3), the best combined showing in those two departments since 1969, when Spencer Haywood won the rebounding title and finished fourth in scoring. Bird shot .544 from the field and .840 from the free-throw line and handled out more than four assists a game.

A 6' 9" Hoosier who came by his considerable passing skills as a guard in high school, Bird enrolled at Indiana University in the fall of '74, but was seared away after one week because he felt lost among IU's 33,000 students. Back home in French Lick, Ind. (pop. 2,059), he worked on a garbage truck for a year and then sat out another season before beginning his college basketball career at Indiana State.

Because of Bird's instant orientation and unerring touch around the basket and his flair for offensive rebounding, most opponents have tried to force him outside. There he merely banged away with the same jump shot he developed in his backyard as a kid: head cocked slightly to one side like Jack Nicklaus as he prepares to hit a long drive, easy motion over the top, plenty of rotation on the ball upon release. Against Loyola of Chicago, he made 20 out of 27, but what really turned the pro scouts on to Bird was the night they came to Terre Haute to see Illinois State Center Jeff Watkins. Instead they got an eyeful of Bird, who had 31 points at the half.

About that missed shot against Houston, no one need feel sorry for Bird. He finished the game with 44 points, and Indiana State still had a 25-3 season. It was a pretty good beginning for a 20-year-old sophomore.

GREG SANDERS

What makes Greg Sanders so much fun to watch? Mostly it's the way he gallivants around the court without apparent common sense. If the spirit moves him, he may launch a rainbow from beyond the top of the key—a description that fits his crucial basket in St. Bonaventure's surprising final-game victory in the NIT last March. Or he might fly down the lane and try to jam one in over some 7-footer. The prayer shot from deep in the corner with four other guys hanging all over him is also in Sanders' repertoire. And besides, he

is a lefty, and everybody knows that a left-handed shot never looks as dependable as the other kind.

But what Bonnies' Coach Jim Satalin thought was the most fun about Sanders' game last season was his .586 shooting percentage. Despite his unorthodox play, Sanders has been a model of consistent improvement at St. Bonaventure. He shot .518 as a freshman, coming off the bench to hit 10 of 13 in his first game. As a sophomore, he moved up to .559, buoyed by a torrid 86-for-122 streak that included 30 points against Notre Dame. He topped off last year with a 14-for-23 afternoon in the NIT finals, good for 40 points and the tournament MVP award. A 6' 6" 190-pounder from Fairmont Heights, Md., he nearly broke the Bonnies' single-season field-goal-percentage mark of .588 set by Bob Lanier, another deadly lefthander, who worked considerably closer to the basket.

By his own admission, Sanders is usually off-balance when he shoots. But his jumper used to look even shabbier when he kicked his legs back and faded away at the same time, in the manner of Dick (Fall Back, Baby) Barnett. The kicking stopped when Sanders decided it looked silly; the fadeaway faded only after he nearly broke his back while practicing a shooting drill between two chairs.

"Because I call myself Mr. G, people think I'm cocky," says Sanders. "Now, it's just a personal psych-up to keep me on top of my game. When I shoot the ball I always make a ssshhh-GOO! sound. Then this index finger here, like an automatic part of my follow-through, starts wagging. That means, 'Count it'."

PHIL FORD

Let's see now. Phil Ford, hmmm. Peppery little No. 12 with the jitterbug moves and the nonstop enthusiasm. He can't still be in college, can he? No way. Must have started playing ball for North Carolina about 1970. Probably in his third year in the NBA by now. At least that's the way it seems. Where were you when Ford:

- Scored 27 and 29 points in the 1977 NCAAAs before he sustained an elbow injury that cost Carolina a good chance of beating Marquette in the finals.
- Led UNC in scoring (18.6/18.7) and assists (7.0/6.6) the past two seasons.
- Had 54 assists in six games and never seemed to miss a clutch shot as the U.S. won at the 1976 Olympics.

continued

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And so on, back to Ford's elementary school days in Rocky Mount, N.C., when he would bribe the other kids with a handful of cookies into staying around and playing more basketball. A coach's dream to this day, Ford is so closely associated with the Tar Heels' sophisticated game of keep-away that it is easy to forget what a murderous shooter he can be.

Besides leading the ACC in free-throw percentage (.853) last season, he scored a career-high 32 points against N.C. State on 14 of 21 from the floor and put in 30 more vs. Tulane on 11 of 16. He has never taken more than 22 shots in a game and, astonishingly, has 1,665 career points in only 1,188 attempts.

"One of the keys to any jump shooter's success is getting a feel for the basket," says Ford. "By now I've shot so much in practice, I don't have to aim. I know where the hoop is. Another important factor is never thinking you're going to miss. I don't. And finally, enjoying the game. If I'm uptight about a test or something, I'll come down to the gym and shoot. It makes me feel better. I like hearing the ball bounce." And swish, too.

FREEMAN WILLIAMS

Talk about a minority group whose image could stand sprucing up, what about NCAA scoring champions? In 30 years, only half a dozen—Arizin (1950), Clyde Lovellette (1952), Robertson (1958-60), Rick Barry (1965), Jimmy Walker (1967) and Pete Maravich (1968-70)—achieved commensurate success in the pros.

"I'm going to be different," says Portland State's Freeman Williams, with the unbridled optimism of one who led the nation in scoring last season with a 38.8 average. And there is good reason to believe that this quiet 6' 4" senior from Los Angeles may not go the way of other NBA booby prizes.

Portland State's schedule—a hodgepodge of strong independents, WCAC teams and small colleges—has severely limited Williams' supporters. Typical of those who have never caught Williams' act and sneer at him as just another NCAA scoring champ is Coach Dick Harter of nearby Oregon, who says, "I don't know anything about him."

However, on one ambitious road trip

last season Williams proved his mettle by helping to stop three good-sized home-court winning streaks in four nights—at the University of New Orleans (10 straight), at North Texas State (19) and at Pan American (20). He scored 42, 34 and 30 and hurt all three teams' hopes for NCAA tournament bids.

Williams' season percentage was .498, remarkable for a scoring champ who fires mostly 22-footers, squeezing them out of an unorthodox two-handed grip in front of his forehead in order to negotiate the long distance between himself and the basket. He has speed aplenty and will gladly drive when he gets the opportunity, but perhaps the best indicator of Williams' all-round ability came this summer when Crum thought enough of his ball-handling and passing skills to choose him as the point guard on the victorious U.S. World University Games team. He beat out the more experienced Perry of Holy Cross for the job.

Williams averaged only 10.9 points per game in Bulgaria, but knows that every one of them was more important to his future than the 71 he rang up in one game last season against Southern Oregon.

MARVIN DELPH

The main reason Marvin Delph's story is recounted here is to keep his confidence up. After all, the other members of Arkansas' vaunted "Three Musketeers" were in the limelight during the off-season. Moncrief starred on the World University Games team and Brewer appeared in *Playboy* as an All-America candidate. Obviously, Marvin needs something of his own to brag about as the season begins in Fayetteville.

Usually found on the perimeter of the Razorbacks' offense, Delph plays bigger than his 6' 4" and, like Brewer and Moncrief, benefits from a lot of favorable matchups as a result. He was second on the team in rebounding last season and also jumped center. No wonder. Delph can rise more than three feet off the floor from a standing start and has a pair of 41-inch arms. Those assets are not the reasons he is such a superb shooter, but they certainly add other dimensions to his game.

"With complete freedom, Marvin could lead the nation in scoring," says Arkansas Coach Eddie Sutton. "He led our well-balanced team with 19.7 points per game. He shot .533 and hits from 30 feet as well as he does from 15. He's got

weird-looking form—cranks the ball way up and behind his head, then slingshots it up there. But he's no Heinz 57 Varieties man. He delivers it the same way every time, so I'm not going to say a word about it."

Delph was the driving force behind Arkansas' memorable comeback against Tulane, scoring 23 points and dropping in a long, acrobatic jumper to tie the score. In five scoring duels with Houston's Otis Birdsong—who completed his eligibility last spring with a 24.4 career average and then was picked second in the NBA draft—Delph won three, including a matchup last season in which he erupted for 24 points in the second half.

"Even though Arkansas is a big football state, I grew up with pictures of West, Robertson and Charlie Scott on my wall," he says. "Maybe that's how I got such a funny shot—trying to copy the Big O. Even now, if the coaches don't keep an eye on me in practice, I'll start imitating another player."

The way Delph is going, maybe everybody ought to be imitating him.

Where will all this hotter and hotter shooting lead? LSU's Brown, a fanatic on personal motivation in athletics, thinks he has discovered a unique method for driving the Tigers' shooting percentages up. He has hired a doctoral candidate in experimental psychology to conduct term seminars on relaxation and mental imagery. Twice a week, LSU's players will lie down in the dressing room at Assembly Center, close their eyes and listen to shooting instructions spoken in a soothing voice. At the same time, they will be asked to picture the mechanics of their shot and to "see" the ball swishing through the net 200 times in a row.

The Tigers were not among the 35 teams that shot .500 last season—their percentage was .454—but Brown feels that the exercises could push LSU over 50% in 1977-78. Such rapid improvement would not startle USC Coach Bob Boyd, who says, "If the next 20 years produce what the last 20 did, percentages might go to 70."

And if, in this great quest for self-improvement, players maintain the intensity shown by the likes of Kansas State Guard Mike Evans, who shoots 900 jumpers a day during the off-season, it might not take that long.

CONTINUED

KENTUCKY



1 The story goes that Adolph Rupp once had a 6' 9" center who assiduously avoided contact. This infuriated Rupp, who liked Kentucky pivotsmen to throw more elbows than hook shots. In practice one day, Rupp caught the timid one loitering on the foul line during a fierce battle under the boards. Calling the workout to a halt, Rupp gazed up at the center and said, "What's a nice boy like you doing in a place like this?"

The same question might be asked of Jack Givens (above), the slick 6' 4" senior forward and high scorer (18.9 points per game last season) for the current Wildcats. Givens is a finesse player on a team that will not only be the biggest in Kentucky history, but also the roughest. If pressconference was any indication, UK might consider taking time off to play in the Super Bowl on its way to the NCAA tournament, which it is likely to win.

Givens' soft jumpers provide a touch of class to Kentucky's attack, which otherwise will consist of huge bodies lunging toward the basket. Back at center is 6' 10" senior Mike Phillips, a massive specimen who all but clanks when he walks. The strong forward will be 6' 10" Rick Robey, who also can move to the post when Coach Joe Hall wants to put quicker but no less muscular James Lee into the front line. Backing up all this beef are 6' 10" freshmen Chuck Aleksinas and Scott Courts.

Last year was very good—and very bad—for Kentucky, which ranked high in the polls but was outmaneuvered by North Carolina in the Eastern Regional finals. Now with Givens, Robey, Phillips and Lee back for their final season, Wildcat followers—all 16 games in 23,000-seat Rupp Arena already are sold out—are expecting Kentucky to win its fifth NCAA title. "Our class has done everything except put that big candle in the middle of the cake," says Robey. "As freshmen we were NCAA runners-up to UCLA, as sophomores we won the NIT, and last season we were ranked as high as No. 2. There's only one thing left to do."

Doing it may not depend as much on Givens' shooting or Kentucky's muscle as on whether Guard Kyle Macy, a transfer from Purdue, can fill the sneakers of playmaker Larry Johnson, who graduated. Two long rifles, Truman Claytor and Jay Shidler, are on hand to deploy with Macy. Nobody has the firepower or muscle to run with the Wildcats, so chances are they will see a lot of slowdowns. Hall is confident he has the brawn and experience to overcome that tactic, but if neither of those suffice, he can always call on Givens to outdistance opponents.

—WILLIAM F. REED

SAN FRANCISCO



2 Although he is a mere neophyte after six years of coaching, 37-year-old Bob Gaillard is leaving for saner pursuits, and he would love to go out the way Al McGuire did—watching his team win the NCAA title. There is a chance he will, because Gaillard's USF Dons, 29-0 last season before losing their final two games, seem to be improved. Optimism is oozing out of the gym on Golden Gate Avenue, and not even the cast on the left forearm of seven-foot junior Center Bill Cartwright dampens the spirits of the faithful.

As a sophomore, Cartwright scored a school-record 43 points against Florida State and made second-team All-America. He weighed 215 when he entered USF, now he is about 270. That makes him about as immovable as the Transamerica Building, particularly under the hoop, where he is the backstop for San Francisco's pressure man-to-man defense.

Unfortunately for the Dons, Cartwright broke his forearm in a pickup game in October. He may miss as many as five games, which should not unduly bother USF, partly because its schedule doesn't get tough until late December and partly because 6' 8" James Hardy is around.

Hardy, who is usually a forward but will move into the middle in Cartwright's absence, almost was not available. Normally less emotional on the court than Chris Evert, Hardy got upset and threatened to quit when Gaillard announced his retirement. He has since calmed down and is playing magnificently. Gaillard especially admires Hardy's rebounding, while other observers are taken with his outside shot. But what Hardy himself loves best are his dunks. No, dunk is too gentle a word for what he does—make that cram, stuff, slam.

The Dons' third All-America candidate is 6' 6½" Winford Boynes, who sacrificed himself for the good of the team last season by playing mostly at guard, where he had fewer scoring opportunities. He will be in both the frontcourt and backcourt again this year. The apportioning of his playing time will depend on the development of Forward Doug Jenson. USF is well set at guard with Boynes, sharpshooting Rod Williams and Sam Williams, brother of pro Gus and Ray. One of them will usually be paired with Chubby Cox, who last year set two school assists records.

With that talent, Gaillard should go out a big winner. But whether his triumph will be McGuireque may depend on just how hale and Hardy the Dons are at tournament time.

—JOE JAKES

NOTRE DAME



3 When Donald (Duck) Williams (above) was an honor student and basketball star at Mackin High School in Washington, D.C., his principal, Brother Ralph Jaworski, told him, "Donald, there is one thing I want you to do for me. Go to Notre Dame." Brother Ralph died before Williams enrolled, but, then, George Gipp did not live to see his teammates triumph, either. Thus are legends made.

Brother Ralph had sent another basketball player to South Bend, Austin Carr. And like his predecessor, Williams has emerged as the star of the team. In his freshman year Duck did not resemble the player he was quipped up to be, but he came off the bench often enough as a sophomore to rank second on the team in points scored and minutes played. Last year he was the leader in both departments, averaging 18.1 points and 32.1 minutes on a well-balanced 22-7 team.

In the last two seasons, Williams' late-game shooting has keyed big wins over Cincinnati, Maryland and San Francisco. He is the perfect man for those crucial moments, because he does not like to pass the ball any more than is absolutely necessary. "When we need a basket, Duck is the man who will get it for us," says Forward Bruce Flowers, one of four returning starters.

After spending part of the summer as a doorman in the Senate gallery, Williams returned to school eager for his senior year, in which he will be a co-captain. "Even if I hadn't been elected, I still would have taken a leadership role," he says. He figures Notre Dame can be even better than it was last season. And it should be, because the experienced starters are supported by five good freshmen, three of whom were high school All-Americans.

Notre Dame's chances for the national title will be enhanced if Bill Lauber plays as well as he showed he could two years ago as a freshman. Before flunking out of school after one semester, the 6'11", 250-pound center was emerging as a dominant figure. He has not played competitively since then, having spent last year boning up on his studies at a junior college in his hometown of Toledo, but Coach Digger Phelps is pleased to see that "Bill doesn't look at all like he has been away a year and a half."

The Irish schedule features nine tournament teams from last season, including NCAA champ Marquette and NIT winner St. Bonaventure. But this is mitigated by the fact that Notre Dame will play 17 games at home, where roaring crowds and Williams' shooting make the Irish almost unbeatable.

—LARRY KEITH

MARQUETTE



4 "Check this," as Marquette guard Butch Lee (above) likes to say. Lee takes an outlet pass from big Jerome Whitehead, speeds upcourt and hits Jim Boylan or Ulce Payne or Bernard Toome breaking for the layup. Or maybe Lee takes the ball all the way in himself. But no matter who gets the points, it is—strange as it may seem—a fast-break basket for the Warriors.

It turns out that during all those years when Al McGuire was using a deliberate offense, his assistant and heir apparent, Hank Raymonds, wanted to speed things up a little. Not helter-skelter, run 'n' gun, but enough to prevent opponents from sending all five guys to the offensive boards, to make them keep one or two men back should the Warriors defy tradition and charge upcourt.

"Al and I couldn't have gotten along for 13 years without having basically the same philosophy," says Raymonds, "but I also played and coached under the man with the best three-lane break ever, Eddie Hickey. I'm going to use his philosophy, too."

It is clear from this that change at Marquette will not be limited to the coach's office, where the conventional Raymonds takes over from the eccentric McGuire. Differences will be seen on the floor, too, and the Warriors should be the better for them. Despite the improvement, the Warriors are not apt to repeat as national champions. Fact is, it can be argued that Marquette was not the best team last year, though it played that way in March. The Warriors' 25-7 record was the least impressive ever by an NCAA champ.

One thing Raymonds has not altered is McGuire's system of designated stars. Last year's favored senior was Bo Ellis, this time it is Lee, who was born in Puerto Rico but raised in the Bronx. Lee prepared for the role last season by leading the team in scoring with a 19.6 average and being named MVP of the NCAA tournament.

The leading role is not new to Lee. As a high school All-American he led DeWitt Clinton to the New York City championship. Two summers ago he was the star of the Puerto Rico summer-league champions. And in the 1976 Olympics Lee scored 35 points for Puerto Rico while almost single-handedly defeating the U.S.

Raymonds' style will suit Lee, affording him more opportunities to shoot from outside, penetrate to the inside and swoop in from downtown. It is the kind of showcasing a star deserves, and Lee has the support a star deserves, because six of last season's top seven scorers return. "We're ready to defend our title," boasts Lee. "No matter what anybody else says, we know we're No. 1." Check that: they're more likely to be No. 4.

—LARRY KEITH
continued

ARKANSAS



S Last fall zoology Professor David Becker called Arkansas Coach Eddie Sutton with news about the team's star guard, and Sutton feared the worst. "Sidney Moncrief..." Becker began. "Is failing," Sutton thought. "... is the hardest-working athlete I've had in 17 years," Becker continued.

Moncrief (above) is not the most spectacular player at Arkansas. He does not shoot as well as leading scorer Marvin Delph, a 19.7-point-a-game forward, or pass as well as Guard Ron Brewer. Indeed, unless you watch the Razorbacks carefully, you may not notice Moncrief tipping a wayward pass to an open teammate. Or boxing out for an offensive rebound. Or moving into position for a steal. But when the action is over, Moncrief has done more than anyone on the floor. His best move is a slither to the hoop for layups and tip-ins—teammates call him the Slithering Snake.

ASTOUNDINGLY for a guard, Moncrief led the nation in field-goal percentage (66.5%) as a freshman and was second as a sophomore (65%). "It all comes from his intensity," says Sutton. "He plays every practice like a national championship."

This summer Moncrief went into overdrive. In June and July he worked eight hours a day for a gas company, then taught basketball at a clinic for underprivileged kids, then spent a few hours practicing. Later he helped the U.S. win a gold medal in the World Student Games. By the time Moncrief returned to school, he had greatly improved his outside shot, his only real weakness.

Like Moncrief, the other Arkansas players are quick, intense and tough on defense, but he is the indispensable Razorback. The only time he fouled out last year, Arkansas (26-2) blew a 13-point halftime lead and lost its first-round NCAA game 86-80 to Wake Forest. "Depth is a bigger problem this year," says Moncrief. "Our younger players have to develop quickly."

The 6' 4" Moncrief also led Arkansas in rebounding in 19 games. This speaks well for him, if not for his taller teammates. For an all-round big man, there is 6' 11" Steve Schall, that's all.

These shortcomings should not prevent Arkansas from repeating as the SWC champion. But the NCAA's? The Razorbacks are already preparing by playing tense games among themselves. In one-on-one to 21 points, Schall and Moncrief were recently deadlocked at 18-all in the rubber game. "I love pressure," said Moncrief. Whereupon he blew three points to lose.

A dark cloud over Arkansas basketball? Fear not, Razorback fans. They were playing Ping-Pong.

—JIM KAPLAN

PURDUE



BA year ago at this time, before a publicist gave the nickname Rocky Mountain High to Joe Barry Carroll (above), he was just a typical homesick freshman moping around the Purdue campus. Well, maybe not exactly typical, what with Carroll standing about seven feet and being the first player with three first names that Purdue had ever recruited from Colorado. Yet even in practice, where he should have felt at home, Carroll behaved as though his mind and body were elsewhere. He passed up two-on-two games to go off and shoot by himself, and, oh yes, he was sensitive about being called a seven-footer. "I'm 6' 11", he would say, and that was about all he would say. "I think we'll be pretty good" was his equivalent of the Gettysburg Address.

The Boiler-makers were pretty good last season, winning 19 games and making the NCAA's. And they did it even though Coach Fred Schaus kept the pressure off Carroll by playing him only about 20 minutes a game and never starting him. Carroll still averaged nearly eight points and eight rebounds and was usually on the floor when Schaus thought it mattered most.

What Schaus appears to have gotten in return for his patience is Purdue's first dominating center since Stretch Murphy, who played with John Wooden back in 1930, and the country's scariest defensive player, who swatted away 82 shots as a part-timer. He could block 200 this season and still have plenty of energy left to shoot his all-but-unstoppable flip-hook.

Schaus also got a changed Carroll. This fall, after glancing at a list of team heights and weights, Carroll said, "Coach, this is wrong. I'm 7' 1", 240 pounds." With that pronouncement, Carroll immediately laid to rest the fears Schaus had harbored over the summer when rumors filtered back from Denver that Carroll was thinking of transferring to a school closer to home.

Purdue's starting five probably stacked up as the best in the Big Ten even before Michigan's Phil Hubbard went down with a knee injury and the NCAA's probation of Minnesota and its superb center Mychal Thompson was reaffirmed. Now Walter Jordan, Wayne Walls, Eugene Parker, Jerry Sichting and Carroll are heavy conference favorites, though there is little bench strength to back them up over the expanded 18-game league schedule.

The shame for Big Ten fans is that two superb centers like Hubbard and Thompson will be unable or ineligible to take on Joe Barry for the conference's spot in the NCAA's. Schaus may have to worry again about Carroll losing interest.

—KENT HANNON

continued

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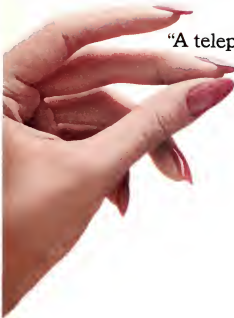
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SYRACUSE



7 Like any good coach, Jim Boeheim knows the danger of high expectations and the value of understatement. It would be tempting to predict the world for Syracuse, which is coming off a 26-4 season and its fifth straight trip to the NCAA tournament and has all but two players back. What makes Boeheim's restraint even more remarkable is that his team is built around a quick, strong, intelligent, 6'11" center, a situation most conducive to expressions of optimism.

Yet, instead of crowing about Roosevelt Bouie (above) the way most people would, Boeheim says, "He is going to be good, but right now he's my third best player." A coach whose team had five double-figure scorers and four with rebounding averages of 6.5 or more can say such things with a straight face. But even as Boeheim extolls the virtues of team play, a listener can almost see visions of Bouie owning the middle, intimidating opponents, swatting shots out of the air, sinking sky hooks and hurling outlet passes—all this, of course, dancing in the coach's head.

As a freshman, Bouie showed a natural preference for defense, which many players of his ability take up long after learning about tax shelters and Rolls-Royce maintenance. "I told Roosevelt to rebound and play defense and not worry about scoring," says Boeheim. That is exactly what Bouie did. He averaged 8.1 rebounds and blocked 9.1 shots in 20 games—and also averaged 10.9 points—despite playing eight games with a broken right hand. Defense seemed to come naturally to Bouie, who did little else while playing at tiny Kendall (N.Y.) High. "In high school, any man never got the ball," he says, "so I learned how to help out, how to time shots and how to go up and get them."

With Bouie as the nucleus and 6'6", 6'7" and 6'8" players around him, Syracuse will be as strong under the basket as any team. The only holes to fill are in the backcourt. Ross Kandel, the third guard for three years, led the team in assists last year. Now he will start. His running mate will be 6'6" Dale Shackelford, who, Boeheim says, is the best Syracuse player. The forwards are 6'8" All-Skyline sophomore Louis Orr and muscular 6'7" senior Marty Byrnes, Boeheim's "second-best player."

But how far Syracuse goes depends on how soon Boeheim is forced to admit that Bouie is No. 1. "He will dominate some people," says Boeheim cautiously, "but it will be some time before he can dominate everybody." Then one of those inner thoughts escapes: "Hopefully by the end of the year..." —JOHN PAPANIK

CINCINNATI



8 Cincinnati's Robert Miller (above) has been unduly underpublicized. For three years the 6'10" center-forward has been a scoring rebounding and shot-blocking machine for the Bearcats. But, because of Coach Gale Cullitt's emphasis on teamwork, Miller's statistics (last season he averaged 14 points and 10 rebounds, both team highs) have not been sparkling enough to earn him the recognition he deserves. This fall one forecast even failed to list him as an honorable mention All-America candidate. "I figure the best way to get recognition is to be part of a good team," says Miller, "and this year I think we have the talent to win the NCAA title."

So does Cullitt. In his first five seasons at Cincinnati, injuries have thwarted the pugnacious young coach's grand design to return the Bearcats to glory. Last season, for example, 6'9" Pivot Pat Cummings, who looks and plays a lot like Dave Cowens, was out for the season with a bad foot. He is hale now.

"I probably shouldn't say this," Cullitt says, "but my first eight will be as good as any tight in the country. We've got experience, shooting ability, attitude, quickness, everything. This is the first time I've had them all together. Now we can play with anybody."

Cullitt got a scare during pre-season practice when Miller tore cartilage in his left knee. However, with heat treatment and a protective pad, the knee now has been declared ready for action. To Cullitt, a sound Miller is the key to what he hopes will be a sensational season. At 220 pounds, Miller is not brawny, but he compensates with quickness and leaping ability. His vertical jump has been measured at 42 inches. Says Cullitt: "If we'd feature him, he could average 35 a game. But we keep the scoring balanced and, with our system, we've won more than 70% of our games."

When the Bearcats have the ball, Cummings and Miller play a high-low post, with Steve Collier and Mike Jones on the wings and Eddie Lee at the point. Miller likes to stay down low, so he can use his quickness to befuddle heavier, slower opponents. On defense, he is the goalie in Cincinnati's full-court press.

The Bearcats have a couple of nice streaks going—24 straight winning seasons, 60 consecutive victories at home. This season's schedule is not too difficult. At the end of it they ought to win the Metro Seven tournament, which will be played in Cincinnati, and proceed directly to the NCAAs. That will suit Miller, because he says he would rather play on a national champion than be an All-America any day.

—WILLIAM F. REED
continued

HOLY CROSS



9 Fifteen minutes before the end of a recent Sunday afternoon practice, Holy Cross Guard Ronnie Perry (above) missed a shot. It was no big deal and the scrimmage went on, but everyone in the gym knew what Student Manager Pat Padden whispered to a latecomer on the sidelines: "That was the first shot Ronnie missed in almost two hours." It was also the last he would miss that afternoon.

Perry was merely the best freshman guard in the country last year. He had a 23.0 scoring average, shooting 50% from the field and 88% from the foul line, which he visited more often than all but one of the top foul shooters in the country. And he committed just 45 turnovers in 25 games, and he had the ball a lot.

"You look for things Ronnie does wrong, just to make sure he's human," says Coach George Blaney. "No, we haven't found anything yet." Not only is Perry the coach's kind of player, but so are all his teammates, whose basketball comes straight from a textbook. The defense is intertidal, forcing turnovers that allow the Crusaders to score on the run. The set offense is patient, almost archaic, with careful passes, picks and cuts. In a game last year against Manhattan, 31 of Holy Cross' 33 field goals came on layups. "Of course, it makes coaching easier when your top seven players have grade-point averages over 3.0," says Blaney.

Unselfishness helps make Blaney's life more pleasant, too. Though Perry ran the show for Holy Cross last season, he neither had the most assists nor took the most shots, which is proof that this is no one-man show. In fact, Blaney would have you believe that Perry is not the Crusaders' best player. That distinction, he says, belongs to 6'8" Chris Potter, who is about as complete as a player can be. How often does a forward lead a team in rebounds (9.7) and assists (5.4) while averaging 19.1 points on 52% shooting? Then there is Forward Michael Vicens, 6'5" on tap, who was the leading scorer the two seasons before Perry arrived. Now Vicens is content to terrorize the opposition's best big man, as he did while holding Michigan's Phil Hubbard to one first-half basket in the Cross' 92-81 season-ending loss to the Wolverines in the Midwest Regional.

The action might not have ended then had Perry played in that game. In fact, after exhaustive research, it turns out that tearing an ankle ligament four games earlier was the only thing Perry has ever done wrong.

—JOHN PAPANIK

NO. CAROLINA



10 I'm O.K. You're O.K. He's O.K. In fact, he's better than O.K., because he is Mike (O.K.) O'Koren (above), North Carolina's outstanding 6'7" sophomore forward. Although the Tar Heels, who had a 28-5 record and were second in the NCAA last year, lost a number of players through graduation, O'Koren and All-America Guard Phil Ford should be enough to keep Carolina among the nation's elite. "I can't imagine any team with O'Koren and Ford not being ranked somewhere," says Coach Dean Smith. Neither can anyone else.

The modest O'Koren plays a better game than he talks. Last year, when he was a freshman, he often was at a loss for words when confronted with the noise and intensity that characterize the college game, but none of this seemed to bother him on the court. He was named to both the ACC and NCAA all-tournament teams, led the Tar Heels in rebounding and averaged 13.9 points. "This year I've got to prove myself again," he says. "We've got three freshmen who are better than I was last year."

Smith does not seem to think so. When the season opens, O'Koren and Ford will retain the distinction of being the only Tar Heels to have started the first game of their freshman seasons. The best of the current Carolina freshmen, Al Wood, must improve his defense before he gets to start at small forward.

With the graduation of Center Tom LaGarde and Forward Walter Davis, much of North Carolina's success will depend on O'Koren's work underneath the basket. It remains to be seen if Rich Yorlaker and Jeff Wolf can provide the pivot play a contender for No. 1 needs. After LaGarde was injured last year, the Tar Heels won 11 of their last 12 games, but they seemed to thrive more on emotion than on the abilities of his replacements.

In those dozen games, O'Koren added four points to his scoring average, achieving his season high in the NCAA semifinals against Las Vegas when he had 31 points. Until help develops this year, the quick O'Koren will have to do it all again—rebound, score and defend against the big forward.

Nonetheless, Smith is confident that "this won't be a two-man team." He particularly likes Carolina's depth and defense. "We're regrouping," Smith says, "not rebuilding."

Five seasons ago, Carolina lost three players from a final-four team, with only an outstanding forward (Bobby Jones) and a fine guard (George Karl) returning. That team had a 25-8 record. O'Koren and Ford should do as well.

—LARRY KEITH

continued

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UCLA



11 Apparently a Bruin does not like to get any farther away from its home than does a trap-door spider. UCLA's first 11 games are in Pauley Pavilion and, other than mandatory travel within the Pac-8, it has only one away game. This schedule should not only make UCLA's record impressive, but it will also deprive fans around the country of seeing 6'9" junior David Kasim Greenwood (above) in the flesh. That's a shame, because Greenwood's quickness and accurate, flat-trajectory jumper figure to make him one of the finest big men around. He moves from center to forward this season, and he has the mobility and the outside shot to do so with ease.

UCLA is well served at other positions, too, despite the graduation of All-America Forward Marques Johnson and the defection of 7-foot Center Brett Vroman to Las Vegas. The pivot will be occupied by one of the two sophomores, 6'9" Gig Sims, who looked like a male version of Oliver Oyl until he added 14 pounds in the off-season, and hefty 6'9" Darrell Allums. The other forward very likely will be either steady Ernest (Kiki) Vandeweghe or James Wilkes, a tough defender who will probably guard the opposition's best cornerman. Wilkes was Los Angeles' high school co-player of the year two seasons ago, but Vandeweghe has the better shooting touch, plus dynamic genes. His father and uncle were both pros, and his mother was Miss America in 1952.

The Bruins are deep in guards. Roy Hamilton, who starred with Greenwood at Verbanus De High in L.A., is the best ball handler on the team. Brad Holland, who almost departed with Vroman, decided to stay and play for new Coach Gary Cunningham, and his long jump shots are dropping in more regularly than ever. Raymond Townsend is good at everything, including baseball, where he plays third base.

Perhaps more important to the Bruins than Greenwood or the 20 games in Pauley is the coaching change. Gene Bartow replaced John Wooden and had two miserable seasons. This total incompetent only won UCLA's 10th and 11th straight conference titles. Alas, he failed to win the customary national championships. He left for Alabama-Birmingham, critical bars sucking in his thin skin like banderillas. Cunningham was a forward for Wooden in the early 1960s and a Bruin assistant for 10 seasons before becoming executive director of the UCLA Alumni Association. If he does not win an NCAA title right away, he will learn more about alumni relations than he ever wanted to know. —JOE JARLES

LOUISVILLE



12 As a freshman, Darrell Griffith (above) of Louisville may have been the most exciting college player in the country. A looper in the Dr. J class, Griffith stimulated a big increase in home attendance and gave the Cardinals a new identity as "the Doctors of Dunk."

Even Coach Denny Crum was affected by the excitement, and early last season he changed the Cardinal offense to allow Griffith and his teammates more freedom. "We did things differently at the end of the break," says Crum. "Instead of setting up, we went to our 'fast' offense, which is more free-lance." The results were dramatic. Until Forward Larry Williams hurt a foot late in the season, Crum may have had the best team in the country. Without Williams, the Cardinals collapsed in the Metro Seven tournament.

Gone from that team are Forward Wes Cox and Guard Phil Bond, but Griffith and Williams are back. So are 6'11" Center Ricky Gallon, Swingman Rick Wilson and Forward Bobby Turner. Smaller but quicker than last season, the Cardinals will press more on defense and keep doctoring on offense. Says Crum, "When I think of this team, I see lights flashing on the scoreboard."

Whether Louisville can hold its own against the heavyweights on its schedule—Marquette, Los Vegas and Cincinnati twice, to name a few—will depend a lot on Griffith. Used last season as the sixth man, he is now a starter who will swing between forward and guard. What Crum hopes to do is use Griffith at forward on offense, where he can utilize his quickness and jumping to beat larger, slower opponents, and at guard on defense, where his weaknesses will be less easily exploited. "We've been working hard on Darrell's fundamentals," says Crum. "Surprisingly, he never mastered some of the basics. He has so much ability, he didn't have to. When he improves his fundamentals, he'll be a great player."

Behind the Iron Curtain, Griffith is already considered great. Last summer he took his slam dunks to Bulgaria and wowed the Communist press. The scribes interrogated Crum about what secret training methods he used to enable Griffith to jump so high and hang so long. When Crum said he had nothing to do with it, the writers started in disbelief.

Unable to break Crum, the writers then put Griffith on the grill. "I told them it was a God-given talent," says Griffith. "That really confused them, 'cause they don't believe in God. When I said that, they started mumbling in some funny ol' language."

Dr. Darrell does that to people.

—WILLIAM F. REED
continued

MARYLAND



13 The recruiting war over Albert King (above), one of the most sought-after high school stars ever, ended with a whimper, not a bang. Maryland won not because of brilliant strategy, but by being around when King tired of all the fuss. He made his highly unemotional announcement on June 8 at Andre's Caterers in Brooklyn.

King had been on the verge of going to Arizona State. Coach Ned Wulsk had flown to New York from Tempe to join an assistant, who had been babysitting King for 10 days, and was in the stands at an all-star game the night King was to announce his choice. King scored 38 points and was named the game's MVP that night, but one thing he did not do was publicly commit himself to ASU. Wulsk, whose approach had been low-key, was furious.

Maryland specializes in the hard sell. It sent King zillions of letters, mailed his birthday cards on time and gave him a Muhammad Ali autograph. After watching Albert play in a shabby little gym in Brooklyn, seeing him on the floor of a vast arena will be a treat for his girl friend Jenna and his Brooklyn pal Winston Karm, who will make the drive to College Park for most of Maryland's home games. And for King the college game represents a welcome change from his high school days when opponents put three men on him and teammates tearded to catch his deft passes with their faces.

Yet Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell does have a problem with his new forward that was evident when the Terps went through six 10-minute scrimmages the other day.

"Albert, you only took nine shots," said Driesell.

"What are the upperclassmen going to think if I try to score all the points?" said King.

"You let me worry about that," said Driesell.

Neither King nor Driesell should worry. The other Terps can and will put the ball in the basket. Guards Billy Bryant and Jo Jo Hunter seem capable of doubling their scoring averages, and the guys up front, Lawrence Boston, Larry Gibson and John Biley, are all 500-plus shooters.

They should offer Maryland fans sufficient entertainment until King overcomes his reluctance to shoot. "Oh, I was disappointed in him at first," says a member of the Terrapin Club. "He didn't seem to do enough. But seeing more of him, I think we're going to like him here."

Now there's a safe bet.

—KENT HANNON

UTAH



14 If you had to be an all-American boy to be an All-American basketball player, Jeff Judkins (above) would be a runaway selection. Charging out of some Jack Armstrong script, he was a prep all-star in you-know-which-three-sports. Last August he raced halfway around the earth from the World University Games in Bulgaria to marry his high school sweetheart. He is very close to his relatives, no small feat because 94 of them attend his home games. An academic All-America, he still finds time to do a lot of church work. Judkins is loyal, reverent, true and blond. Denny Crum, who coached him in Sofia, took one look at Judkins and proclaimed, "He's almost too nice."

That is of some concern to Utah Coach Jerry Pimm, who says, "I see his unselfishness as basically a strength, but maybe he doesn't look for shots enough." Without looking, Judkins led the Western Athletic Conference in scoring the past two seasons, averaging 20.9 points a game and shooting 56% from the floor with few close-in baskets. One of his specialties is a pull-up 15-foot jumper from the corner. He can also work off screens and picks and has a nifty one-bounce move to the basket. But he is almost as much fun to watch without the ball—faking, blocking out, sliding into openings. He flows like an unfurling ribbon.

Pimm, who has coached five other All-Americans, says the 6'6" Judkins is the most consistent. "He plays as well in practice as in games," Pimm says. "He's a very fine shooter, he rebounds well and he makes fewer than two turnovers a game."

Judkins may have to do even more this season, though the Utes have four regulars back from a team that won the WAC and lost by five points to Nevada-Las Vegas in the second round of the NCAAAs. Two of Judkins' fellow starters—Buster Matheny and Greg Deane—were also double-figure scorers, and three freshmen—Tom Chambers, Scott Martin and Judkins' first cousin, Danny Vranes—were Most Valuable Players in their state all-star games. Judkins' brother Jay is another promising freshman. Sounds impressive. Ah, but what a void was left by the graduation of Jeff Jonas. "He was our playmaker and catalyst," says Pimm.

Though Donnie Rice or Michael Grey could start in Jonas' old spot, the ball-handling burden may fall on Judkins, who played some guard this summer. "I've always been the guy who moved without the ball," he says. "Now I've got to pick up some ball-handling and try to help replace Jonas." Says Pimm, "Judkins is the key." As only befits an all-American boy.

—JIM KAPLAN

continued

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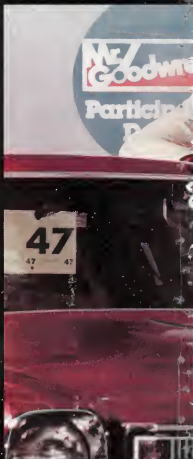
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WASHINGTON ST.



15 The rolling wheatland of eastern Washington is becoming basketball country. No, not at the high school level: one block of the Bronx probably turns out more quality basketball players than the states of Washington and Idaho put together. But at Washington State in the hilly town of Pullman, Coach George Raveling has gathered enough talent from far and wide to seriously challenge UCLA for the Pac-8 title. Not many teams have a 7-foot backup center, but the Cougars do in John Tessen. And not many have the son of a Harlem Globetrotter, but the Cougars do in 6'11" Stuart House (above).

House is from Detroit, where he averaged 31 points a game as a high school senior. He was a starter last season as a freshman, and Raveling says, "No player in the Pac-8 has more God-given ability." House will continue to play center in the double-post offense Raveling learned while serving as an assistant to Lefty Driesell at Maryland. The other postman is 7'2" James Donaldson, a muscular junior from Sacramento, who had hamstrings as a boy and played only one season of high school ball. He has improved rapidly, but is still awkward, especially compared to agile teammates such as House. "I've never been around a player who's made as many rapid strides as James has since he's been here," says Raveling, who not unreasonably expects House and Donaldson between them to pull down about 25 rebounds a game.

State has talent at the wings, too. Don Collins from Toledo was the Cougars' sixth man as a freshman last year and helped win a lot of games with timely steals. The other starting wing should be—surprise—a local boy, Terry Kelly. Collins and Kelly will be backed up by Angelo Hill, who played his high school ball in Wyoming, and Californian Dennis Smith. At the point, Ken Jones from Detroit is a fine assists man—and a good shooter when he needs to be. He, too, has an excellent backup in first freshman Tim Janovich, who is from Manhattan, Kans., the site of Kansas State. He dated the daughter of K-State Coach Jack Hartman but he came to WSU because he wanted to go away to school.

"We're good," says Raveling, "very good. For one thing we have 11 guys coming back from a team that finished third in the conference. We also finished seventh in the nation in defense and our 19-8 record was one of the best at Washington State in 15 years."

It should be even better this year.

—JOE JAKES

ALABAMA



16 Here's Alabama's Reggie King (above) bumping heads with Leon Douglas, formerly of the Crimson Tide and now of the Detroit Pistons. All summer they fight it out at 'Bama's Memorial Coliseum. Like Henry, the roughed-up recruit in the film *One on One*, King is learning some tough lessons. But unlike Henry, he is not coming out of the head-to-head games bruised, beaten and bewitched by some hatchet man.

What makes Reggie work? Surely his 1976-77 feats—leading 23-4 Alabama in scoring (18.1) and rebounding (16.9)—should have earned him the summer off. One reason he works is pride. For all his accomplishments, King needed to improve his quickness and shooting range. Another is the role he must play on this season's team. As Tide Coach C. M. Newton puts it, "Our weakness is our inside game. Except for Reginald, we're going with players up from who have no game experience." A third reason is the memory of last season. Alabama won nine straight in December but finished third in the SEC and ended the year ingloriously in the semifinals of the NET, which these days stands for No Important Teams. The pressure will be on early this year. Alabama faces Purdue and Michigan and plays in two tough tournaments in December. A sixth straight season of 22 or more wins hinges on the start.

Thanks to Douglas, King should be ready. "He taught me the proper way to go to the basket," King says. "In the past I would always just back down to the goal. I wouldn't turn and drive straight away. He showed me how to turn my feet and handle my fakes. We worked on my outside shooting, too. I also learned a lot about going to the basket after the shot."

At 6'6", Forward King has a pivotman's burden. Three regulars graduated, including four-year starter Rickey Brown at center. Sophomore Chris Beagwell is 6'9" and freshman Norman Anchrum is 6'10", but both are untested. The starting center could well be 6'9" William Henry, who has looked sharp in practice, but he missed all but 12 minutes of last season.

Thus it is up to King to handle the inside game, no small challenge even for a player who, says Newton, "explodes to the basketball." King may not have to explode too often from the outside, now that jump-shooting Guard Anthony Murray seems to have recovered from knee surgery. So the most important question for Alabama is how well Douglas taught King to cut, fake and drive close to the hoop. Better, 'Bama hopes, than the hatchet man taught Henry.

—JIM KAPLAN

continued

INDIANA STATE



17 Big No. 33 was in the air and ready to unleash a jumper from his favorite spot just outside the foul lane, 18 feet away. He hits with such numbing regularity from there that everyone else on the practice floor turned toward the basket in anticipation of another two-pointer. Everyone, that is, except the blond kid's partner in deception, blade-thin No. 32, who zoomed inside, grabbed what had become a pass instead of a shot and slipped the ball into the net.

"Ah, the Larry and Harry Show!" bellowed a white-haired gent at madcourt with obvious delight. "So it's already started again."

That remark, which put an end to the no-nonsense atmosphere of the practice, came from Indiana State Coach Bob King, a heretofore conservative strategist who now has a pair of freewheeling offensive players on hand.

"Larry," the player who traded his jump shot for an assist, is Larry Bird, the 6' 9" scoring and rebounding machine (32.8/13.7) who led the Sycamores to a 25-3 record last season. He also makes ISU the favorite to win the Missouri Valley championship in its first year in the conference. "Harry," the beneficiary of the pass, is Harry Morgan (above), a 6' 7" forward who averaged 16.8 points and combined with Bird for 60 in one game.

"There isn't a finer pair of forwards in college," says King, and he is probably right. "They are so gifted that I have put no restrictions on them. That's a departure for me. I knew we wouldn't want to shock Larry. But Harry? He was a center at Vincennes Junior College. All he ever shot was a hook. I saw him four times, never talked to him. We had backed off on him when Mel Daniels of the Pacers called me. 'Get on this guy,' he said. 'I've played against him, and he is super.'"

The man in the middle of all this talent, 6' 11" Center DeCaria Webster, was sixth in the nation in rebounding two years ago. Despite Bird and Morgan, Webster still managed to grab 10 per game last year, enabling Indiana State to finish second to Notre Dame in rebound margin. The guards are Jim Smith, a 207-pound man who keeps Bird well fed, and 6' 4½" Leroy Staley.

What does Bird think of Morgan? "We're partners on the court, but I have to keep beating him one-on-one. If it got out that he can take me, the guys might stop looking for me in the clutch."

"There is very little chance of that," replies Morgan. "He whups me again and again. I just feel sorry for the opposition. We're really going places this year."

—KENT HANNON

DETROIT



18 As the high pass floated downcourt, it seemed certain that John Long (above), the lead man in the University of Detroit fast-break drill, would be unable to reach the ball. But somehow, a split second later, Long had it in his hands, and he finished off his spectacular grab with a twisting, bunched layup that evoked a raucous slapping of palms among his teammates. Was Coach Dick Vitale pleased? "What kind of bleeping shot was that, John?" he shouted. "You keep doing that stuff, and you'll be in the Clevelin' Roc League next year instead of the NBA." Vitale appreciated Long's artistry but felt it necessary to remind his star that fundamentally sound basketball was the reason for last season's 25-4 record, the best ever for Detroit.

The Titans won 21 straight, including victories over the NCAA (Marquette) and NIT (St. Bonaventure) champs, and earned an NCAA bid. Vitale, Long and Terry Tyler, Detroit's other star, have given themselves a tough act to follow, but they seem up to the task. Their main incentive will be the hope of returning to the NCAA tournament, where they lost 86-81 to Michigan in the most-watched televised sports event in the state's history.

For the fourth consecutive season, Detroit's fortunes rest primarily on Long, a mobile 6' 5" forward, and Tyler, the 6' 7" center whom Vitale exhorts to "go talk to the Lord" whenever the Titans need a crucial rebound. "Terry jumps higher than anyone," says Vitale. "So I guess that means he is closer to The Man upstairs." Long is the more prolific scorer, having led Detroit in each of the last three seasons while amassing 1,545 points.

"I must admit that when I first saw John play at Romulus [Mich.] High, I thought he was not my kind of player," Vitale says. "I recruit athletes who play with intensity, and he is so relaxed out there that he appears lazy. Was I ever wrong?"

Long is a purist on the court, and he excels in pressure games. He scored 25 against Michigan and 20 against Marquette last season. He has also been more than willing to share the spotlight with Tyler. They tied for high scorer in last season's opener, and thereafter Long led Detroit in scoring 14 times and Tyler nine.

The two stars and a dependable supporting cast should be enough to insure the Titans an excellent record, but a pair of knee crises may determine how far they go in postseason play. If Kevin Kaseta, a 6' 8" forward, makes a comeback and if blue-chip freshman Kevin Smith is sound enough to run the offense, Detroit should get high TV ratings outside Michigan.

—DON DELQUANTO

continued

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KANSAS STATE



19 Politics, as Charles Dudley Warner told us, makes strange bedfellows. Consider Curtis Redding (above), who was surprised to receive 96 write-in votes for student body president last year after the *K-State Collegian* gave him a tongue-in-cheek endorsement to show its displeasure with the two leading candidates. Redding's votes cost the Student Government Association \$100 in computer time, because a runoff between the two leaders became necessary. And it gave Redding, Brooklyn's favorite son, an idea. "Maybe I will actually run next year," he said. "I'm not interested in politics, but I love to talk."

The irrepressible Redding did win one election; he was named Newcomer of the Year in the Big Eight. It gave Kansas State a sweep as Jack Hartman, Jack Hartman was selected Coach of the Year and Guard Mike Evans Player of the Year. The Big Eight champion Wildcats finished with a 23-8 record, losing a heart-stopper to Marquette 67-66 in the Midwest Regional. It was a memorable season not only because Kansas State won so often, but also because Redding made the somber Hartman smile so frequently. And the coach is likely to grin a lot again this season.

Kansas State is strongest in the backcourt where Evans, who will soon become the school's and conference's all-time scoring leader, and either Scott Langston or Fred Burton will start; Keith Frazier (Walt's brother) and sharpshooting freshman Thomas Freeman will come off the bench.

But the Wildcats may have trouble getting the ball for their good little men. Larry Dussie and Darryl Winston, the best rebounders last season, must be replaced. Hartman is hoping 6'11" walk-on Dan Hicken and 6'7" Steve Soldner can help. But most of the frontcourt responsibilities will fall to the 6'5" Redding. He came to Manhattan from unbeaten Canasie High and averaged 16.6 points. He scored 20 or more 11 times, but he is no gunner. Of the 34 he had in an 86-83 defeat of Kansas, he says, "That was my worst game because I shot 11 for 27."

After a spell of homesickness Redding has come to love Kansas. "I never saw a cow outside a zoo before I came here," he says. "But today they're the first thing I smell each morning."

Hartman wrinkles his nose over Kansas State's schedule, particularly the January part, when the Wildcats play the Soviet national team between crucial league dates. "They ought to make a statue of me for playing the Russians," Hartman says. If Redding gets elected, he'll see to it.

—DON DELLQUANTI

PRINCETON



20 The Tigers have such glaring deficiencies it seems ridiculous to even mention them in this heady company. To put it bluntly, they cannot run, jump or get their shots off in traffic. And that's not the way Top 20 teams are supposed to play. On the other hand, Princeton sustains for an entire game the kind of feverish defense that most teams reserve for the last two minutes. Equally frustrating for opponents is the way Coach Pete Carril's Tigers pass, pass, pass until they get exactly what they want—an uncontested 15-footer.

This combination of hell-bent defense and very deliberate offense produced a 21-5 record a year ago, including victories over Notre Dame and NIT champ St. Bonaventure. The Tigers should again be the class of the Ivy League, but what makes them Top 20 caliber is that they work harder than almost anybody else in the country and that playing intelligently comes more naturally to them.

Take Frank Sowinski (above), a 6'5" forward with a B+ average in engineering. Sowinski is no B+ talent on the basketball floor, but he has worked hard to develop a jumper that is an automatic two when he can get open. He has to be the country's only team scoring leader (16.8) who took fewer than 10 shots per game. For that matter, no Tiger averaged 10 shots a game last season. In Princeton's 76-62 win over Notre Dame, Sowinski was especially economical, making all six shots from the field and six straight from the line.

"If it hadn't been Princeton, it would have been Lehigh or Delaware," says Sowinski, who had a .632 shooting percentage last year. "The only guy on our team who could have picked his school as a basketball player, is Bobby Roma. If we don't play together, we lose."

Roma, a 6'7" junior, could become the next Barnes Hauptfaher at Princeton. Meaning, that like his Tiger predecessor at center, Roma can kill you from the outside but is a bit of a pussy-cat underneath. The rest of the roster varies in size from 6'2" Billy Omelchenko, a scrapper who played against St. John's last season only two weeks after an emergency appendectomy, to Tom (Too Tall) Young, a 6'11" bookworm who quit the team for four days this fall because he feared that his A average in pre-law was in jeopardy.

Now would you feel you had to keep your hands up on defense against this bunch?

—KENT HANNON

CONTINUED

THE BEST OF THE REST

FIVE TO WATCH

Duke won as many games last season (14) as it had in any year since 1972. At one point the Blue Devils were 11-3, but then senior Guard Tate Armstrong was injured and Duke lost 10 of its last 13. That is not likely to happen again, what with two accomplished regulars on hand, as well as a freshman with uncommon ability and soaring ambitions. Mike Gminski, a 6' 11" 247-pounder, averaged 15.3 points and 10.7 rebounds per game and will be the best big man in the ACC. Guard Jim Sparmark led the Blue Devils in scoring (19.3), assists and steals and is tall enough (6' 5") to double as a forward.

Then there is Eugene Banks, the ballyhooed Philadelphia high-schooler who does not want to be known merely for his slam dunks. "The people of America are looking for an idol," says Banks, a 6' 6" power forward who feels he might be able to fill the bill. "I'd also like to be governor of Pennsylvania." In the meantime, Banks can concentrate on becoming ACC Rookie of the Year, a title bestowed on Gminski last season and Sparmark the year before.

The man getting the headlines at Michigan State is 6' 8" freshman Earvin Johnson, who played at Lansing Everett High five miles from the MSU campus. While finishing up a prep career in which he scored 54 points one night and had 16 assists the next, Johnson sifted through 300 college offers before narrowing his choices to Michigan and Michigan State. On the day he announced his decision, he stepped to a cluster of 15 microphones and said, "Michigan will be good with or without me. But Michigan State will be better with me." It sure will, because Johnson's teammates include the Big Ten's No. 3 and No. 4 returning scorers, Greg Kelser (21.7 points) and Bob Chapman (19.6).

Colorado is on the rise now that Bill Blair, late of VMI, is the coach. Blair grabbed a handful of high school All-Americans, including Dave Netherton, a graceful 6' 10" center from Pueblo, Colo. Big Eight scoring leader Emmett Lewis (19.6 points) should keep his starting spot, but the four other holdovers' jobs are less safe. "We'll dunk it one time and kick it away the next," says Blair, "but we'll be exciting."

Iona vaulted into prominence when 6' 10" Long Islander Jeff Ruland decided he would attend the small commuter school located in New Rochelle, N.Y.—only *Forty-five Minutes from Broadway*, as George M. Cohan wrote in his 1905 song about the town. Iona had already made a move toward the bright lights by signing Glenn Vickers (above), a



blue-chip guard who as a freshman was the leading scorer (17.9) on last year's 15-10 team. One scouting service considered Ruland the best high school player in the country—ahead of Albert King, Banks and Johnson. He visited six high-powered colleges from North Carolina to Kentucky, but simply dropped in unannounced at Iona practices. Apparently he liked what he saw.

Instead of taking advantage of John Wooden's departure from UCLA in 1975, USC fell flat on its face. The Trojans have finished in the Pac-8 cellar twice in a row, losing 15 straight games at one point and finishing 6-20 last season. Against all odds, Coach Bob Boyd has weathered the storm and brought in almost every California prepster on UCLA's most-wanted list. Purvis Miller, Cliff Robinson and George Ratkovich are a few names to remember. It is a long way back from 6-20 and near unemployment, but the Trojans and Boyd appear to be on the track.

EAST If North Carolina, Maryland and Duke get caught napping in the ACC, sleeper Virginia could give them a rude awakening. Cavalier newcomers Jeff Lamp, Lee Raker and Tommy Hicks join a nucleus led by 6' 8" Marc Iavaroni. Coach Terry Holland recruited Lamp and Raker from Louisville's Ballard High. He also hired Richard Schmidt as an assistant. Guess which high school team Schmidt used to coach? To insure productivity from muscular Forward Rod Griffin, Wake Forest Coach Carl Tracy imported Fran (White Magic) McCaffery from Philly to pass Griffin the ball.

The Southern Conference is a toss-up among VMI, Furman and Appalachian State. Ron Carter of VMI is as good as they come, but the Keydets will miss the scoring and leadership of Will Bynum and John Krovic. Furman has a hot shooter in Bruce Grimm, who averaged 24 points last season, and a solid post combination in Jonathan Moore and Rick McKinney, both 6' 8". Appalachian relies on Guards Walter Anderson and Darryl Robinson and the inside game of Tony Searcy and Mel Hubbard.

In the Ivy League, Penn or Columbia could surpass Princeton. Steady Keven McDonald and New Yorkers Tony Price and Bobby Willis lead Penn, and fast-improving Columbia (8-17 in 1974-75, 16-10 last season) has 5' 8" Alton Byrd to get the ball to Forwards Ricky Free and Juan Mitchell. Rutgers won the Eastern Athletic Association's Eastern Division title last year (when the conference was known as the EABL) only to be upset by Massachusetts in the play-

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When you've taken care of one of the worst energy-wasters, the attic, you can turn your attention to two more areas: Exterior walls. Crawl spaces.

Walls may be toughest. If they're enclosed on both sides, but hollow, the best thing is usually to have a professional contractor inject loose-fill insulation through small, drilled holes. With unfinished walls, of course, you can add blankets of insulation and then enclose them.

Floors over unheated areas should be insulated from below. It's usually easy to apply blanket-type insulation, fastening it up into position with wire mesh, wooden cross braces, or other devices.

Doing it yourself vs. having it done.

If you're handy around the house, and can spare the time, you'll probably be able to manage the biggest part of the job on your own—at maybe two thirds the cost of having a professional contractor do it.

Your skills could stump you, though. For them, a pro and his special blowing equipment might be the answer.

INSULATION:

If these tips properly installed, works well elsewhere, too. However, since probated blankets offer more consistent thickness and density, many contractors prefer them for attics—simply because of their more reliable performance.

Insulation may be the last thing you need.

Insulation works best when it works in partnership with other home energy-saving

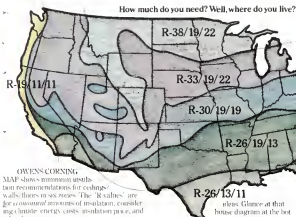
(Owens-Corning's best chance to do the job right). It's a total system for saving energy and fuel bills—at a cost which can be comparable to that of a conventional house.

Besides A to E under the previous heading, specs include: F. Blankets of Fiberglas insulation with NAHB Research Foundation label—installed to at least minimum R values on map. G. Use of vapor barriers (10 perm or less). H. Perimeter insulation (for slab on grade construction). I. Certain air-handling duct is insulated. J. Correctly-sized heating/cooling plant.

What to do if you can't get the insulation you want.

As the chart below shows, Owens-Corning has already doubled its output capacity since 1971 and we're planning to boost it another 45 percent by 1980.

Still, with millions adding insulation every year, there are bound to be shortages from time to time. Please be patient with your supplier if he's temporarily out of pink Fiberglas insulation. It's not his fault, and we're doing our best to minimize the problems. We think Owens-Corning Fiberglas insula-



OWENS-CORNING

MAP shows minimum insulation recommendations for ceilings, walls, floors in six zones. The "R values" are for economical amounts of insulation, considering climate, energy costs, insulation price, and other factors.

Note that attics in colder areas need as much as R-38—the equivalent of one foot of pink Fiberglas blanket insulation*. About 8 inches (R-26) is right for warmer air-conditioning zones, and a full 6-inch (R-19) blanket even for the temperate areas of the country.

How to pick a contractor.

Carefully.

Look in the Yellow Pages under "Insulation Contractors—Cold & Heat" and, your utility company for names, or consult friends.

Get several contractors to quote your job (the R values, not inches, and judge by reliability as well as price). Ask the contractor for acceptable insulation manufacturer's name and the installed R value. *Remember: it's a work to be sold.*

The 2 most common insulating mistakes.

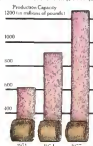
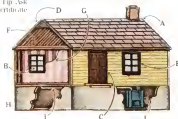
1. Packing blanket insulation tightly to try to cram more in. Wrong! It's waste duty on purpose. Squashing it just lowers the R value.

2. Using attic insulation with vapor barrier on top. Wrong. Vapor barriers should always face the warm side to seal off the structure.

shows the ideal combination of all energy-savers suggested by Owens-Corning's thermal experts for newly constructed energy-efficient homes. You can still get the benefit of many of them in your older home. A. Caulking and sealing around doors and chimneys. B. Double-glazed windows, or equivalent (in certain geographic areas). C. Storm door and standard door used in combination, or an insulated door properly weather-stripped. D. Good attic ventilation to expel hot air and moisture. E. Windows weather-stripped.

Making a new home energy-efficient.

This diagram shows Owens-Corning's R specs for building a new energy-efficient home.



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ALL PURE WOOL

offs. The Scarlet Knights lack backcourt consistency, but the front line is major league with Jamman' James Bailey, Hollis Copeland and Abdel Anderson. Villanova should be Rutgers' toughest rival in the division as senior Keith Heron is joined by freshman stickout Alex Bradley. Duquesne, last year's EAA tournament winner, will not triumph again now that Norm Nixon is a pro. Maurice Robinson makes West Virginia a contender.

In the East Coast Conference, Lafayette lost its coach, Dr. Tom Davis, to Boston College, but his successor, Dr. Roy Chipman, has enough veterans to win the West Division. With Hofstra unlikely to repeat as East champ, Temple, La Salle and St. Joseph's will contend for the title.

St. John's should be the region's best independent by tournament time, but could be out of contention for an NCAA spot long before that because playmaker Reggie Carter, a transfer from Hawaii, must sit out the first 14 games. George Johnson is a multitiered fixture at forward, but Coach Lou Carnesecca says of highly recruited Center Wayne McKay, "He's not going to change the world—yet."

Georgetown (19-9), Rhode Island (13-13) and South Carolina (14-12) will try to recover from last year's disappointments. The Hoyas will be better if Craig (Big Sky) Shelton is sound and the backcourt of Derrick Jackson and John Duren plays up to potential. Neither little nor talent-poor, Rhody could finally get it together with Jiggy Williamson, Sly Williams and freshman Phil Kydd. Can Jackie Gilloso, the mini-Maravich, live up to his billing in his final season at South Carolina? He has 6' 9" Jim Graziano to get him the ball and to receive it from him. New Coach Larry Gillman faces a brutal schedule at East Carolina and will need instant help from J.C. transfer Oliver Mack and freshman Walter Moseley, both guards. Surprising Old Dominion (25-4) hopes Ronnie Valentine continues to score as well as he did as a freshman (22.4), and NIT champ St. Bonaventure must rely on Greg Sanders for almost all of its points, now that Essie Hollis has departed. At Providence, Coach Dave Gavitt has come up with an unusual pair of forwards: Rick Hunger played for the Canadian Junior team and Mladen Filipin is from Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

MIDEAST Can anyone match Purdue and Michigan State in the Big Ten? It's as much a question of individuals as it is of teams. Michigan seemed a possibility until Center Phil Hubbard was lost, probably for the season, with a sore knee. Minnesota, whose equally valuable center, Mychal Thompson, has been declared ineligible for the first seven games, should be a spoiler once conference play begins. Unfortunately for Gopher fans, that is all their team can aspire to because Minnesota is on probation and cannot participate in the NCAAAs. Elsewhere, freshmen will determine how high their teams can go. Wisconsin was supposed to have a find in 6' 9" Larry Petty, but he is overweight. Indiana did some sharp recruiting, snagging, among others, the state's prep Mr. Basketball, 6' 9" Ray Tolbert. Ohio State has an even better freshman crop, perhaps the nation's best, including another local sensation, Columbus' 6' 11" Herb Williams.

The Ernie and Bernie Show has turned pro, so count Tennessee out of the Southeastern Conference race. But Alabama and Kentucky will not go unchallenged. For one, LSU has four starters back from a 15-12 team. Guard Kenny Higgs is already the school's third leading career scorer behind Pete Maravich and Bob Pettit, and 6' 7" Durand Macklin was the top rebounding freshman in the country. Another potential SEC contender is Florida, which hopes to improve its 17-9 record with the addition of high school All-America Center Reggie Hammon.

In the Mid-American Conference, Miami of Ohio, Central Michigan and Toledo each won 18 or more games, and all could do at least as well again. Miami has four starters back, including 57% shooter Archie Aldridge, but Redskin Center Bill Lake is short on stamina. Toledo will have its 19th straight winning season if its defense, second best in the country last season, holds true to form. Central Michigan lost its two top scorers, but if Coach Dick Parfitt comes up with a center, his team will challenge.

The University of North Carolina at Charlotte, darlings of the NCAA tournament, lost the sensational Cornbread Maxwell to the Boston Celtics. Still, Kevin King, Chad Kinch and Lew Massey, who this season will replace Maxwell as leading scorer in the school's brief history, are back. The 49ers should win the Sun Belt Conference, but don't overlook New Orleans. The Privateers lost to UNCC by one point in last spring's conference finals, and new Coach Butch van Breda Kolff has 6' 10" Wayne Cooper, 6' 11" Ardieth Wearren and Guard Nate Mills, an excellent outside shooter. With two junior-college All-Americans, Ron Anthony and Flenoil Crook, Jacksonville could also contend.

Look for Middle Tennessee to win the little conference the big powers fear, the Ohio Valley. Blue Raider Guard Claude (Sleepy) Taylor, who averaged 15.5 points as a freshman, is back in form after two seasons of knee trouble.

Don Donohue, coach of independent Dayton, says that 6' 5" Jim Paxson is the school's best player since Don May. As usual, DePaul is an enigma. Why did the talented Blue Demons play such mediocre (15-12) basketball last year? With almost everyone back, will they improve or succumb to a tough schedule? And what are we to make of Center Dave Corzine? He averaged 19 points and 13 rebounds a game last season, but some scouts feel he should be doing far better than that.

MIDWEST North Texas State must have unsightly dandruff. Why else was the Mean Green, which had a 43-10 record the past two seasons, ignored by the NCAA and NIT selection committees? North Texas may absolutely force a postseason invitation this year, however, because it has four starters back to work with Jon Manning, a high-scoring transfer from Oklahoma City. Somebody has to notice.

Another well-kept secret is Pan American, which defeated North Texas twice last year in an up-and-down 17-9 season. The Brones also have four regulars available from that team. All averaged in double figures. Pan Am makes the going great at home, but it crashed too often on the

continued





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road last season. Oral Roberts hasn't a prayer of having a ninth straight 20-win year, although new Coach Lake Kelly worked a few miracles while at Austin Peay.

Georgia Tech will march to a different drummer as it pursues Metro Seven favorites Louisville and Cincinnati. Setting the beat is Sammy Drummer, the Junior College Player of the Year while at nearby DeKalb South. Tico Brown is the best of the holdovers. Florida State had a bad record—for it—last season, winning only 16 games. But with the three good freshmen of a year ago having matured and with leading scorer David Thompson sure to be more consistent, the Seminoles should get their customary 20 wins again. Memphis State is rebuilding around James Bradley, the Tigers' No. 2 scorer and rebounder last season who, Coach Wayne Yates says, is "great sometimes and—well—awful other times." Playmaking Guard Alvin Wright will continue to feed him the ball in either case.

Don't be surprised if another newcomer, Creighton, claims second place in the Missouri Valley behind Indiana State. The Blue Jays were 21-7 as an independent, and star Forward Rick Apke (19.8 points a game) is back. Wichita State and Bradley will lead the charge by the Valley old-timers. The Braves feature league MVP Robert Phegley, who came to school on a baseball scholarship but stars at every position on the basketball court.

Every day could be Feb. 14 at Kansas this season because the Big Eight Jayhawks landed sensational Guard Darrell Valentine. It will take some rearranging to get Valentine, who pumped in 26.1 a game in high school, onto the lineup. John Douglas, the team's leading scorer last year, is a backcourt man who takes a back seat to no one. Oklahoma also recruited well, even though it needed to replace only one starter from an 18-10 team.

Although Arkansas is expected to dominate the Southwest Conference, there is a glimmer of hope for the rest of the league. Texas Tech Coach Gerald Myers reminds everyone that "Arkansas never fouled out a player or had an injury in a conference game last year. You can't expect that to happen two years in a row." Well, at least Myers can hope it won't happen. His Red Raiders have won 20 games each of the last two seasons, but failed to win an SWC title. That pattern could continue behind the power play of Center Mike Russell. Texas A&M also could be a spoiler, with four starters from last season and two others from the 1976 league champions on its squad. The SWC team of the future is Texas, or as A&M Coach Shelby Metcalf calls the Longhorns, "The University of California at Austin." Coach Abe Lemons brought in three more California high schoolers to go with Ron Baxter, who averaged nine rebounds and 17 points a game as a freshman. "When you get a foot in the door," says Lemons, "you keep on going back."

WEST The University of Nevada, Las Vegas might have been the logical choice to take the NCAA jackpot this year, except for three things. One, its spotlight center, Larry Moffett, decided to forgo his senior season to turn pro. Two, the NCAA, charging UNLV with recruiting violations, has barred Las Vegas from postseason

play. And, three, the Rebels have a road schedule that includes Kentucky, Louisville, Marquette and Maryland.

Nonetheless, Las Vegas will win often, mainly because of the presence of 6' 7" swing man Reggie Theus, who is accomplished at all phases of the game, and Guard Tony Smith, a deadly outside shooter. But whether the Rebels can break into the rankings will depend on how quickly Moffett's replacement, Earl Evans, blends in, and how soon Forward Jackie Robinson, who missed last season because of an ankle injury, regains his jumping ability. In preseason practices, Robinson was not soaring high enough to give UNLV the lift it needs.

There is another good team in Nevada. The older branch of the state university, in Reno, has an excellent center from New Jersey named Edgar Jones. The Wolf Pack, 15-12 last season and 7-7 in the West Coast Athletic Conference, doesn't figure to upset USF, but the matchups between the 6' 10" Jones (23.7 points and 13.1 rebounds a game) and USF's Bill Cartwright should be spectacular.

Santa Clara, San Francisco's archrival, twice came close to beating the Dons last season and is much improved. Coach Carroll Williams signed 6' 10" Center Mark McNamara, who had more than 150 scholarship offers, and 6' 8" Steve Wallace, who claims to have perfected nine types of dunks while starring for the Vintage High Crushers in Napa, Calif. The Broncos also have some good holdovers, notably All-WCAC Guard Eddie Joe Chavez, Forward Kurt Rambis and Guard Londale Theus. Seattle has an imposing center, too, in 7-foot Jawnan Oldham to go with its all-round star, Clint Richardson.

With Utah clearly the class of the conference, the race for second in the WAC could be a four-team tussle. Arizona lost All-WAC Center Bob Elliott and All-WAC Guard Herman Harris, the team's two high scorers, but Phil Taylor, a 6' 8" center, will try to take up the slack. Colorado State will be led by all-league Forward Alan Cunningham and a hefty Floridian, 6' 9" pivotman Larry Pape. New Mexico tied for third in the WAC last year and has four starters back, including Guard Michael Cooper (15.1). Wyoming was the surprise of the conference with a 17-10 record under new Coach Don DeVoe, and the Cowboys have added some promising freshmen and junior-college transfers. However, they will sorely miss leading scorer Joe Fazekas, who did not return to school.

Cal finished strong in the Pac-8 last season and could surprise UCLA, Washington State and USC this time around. Gene Ransom, the Bears' best backcourt man since Phil Chenier, is a dazzling ball handler who has managed to dribble his way out of some academic problems. Center Tom Schneiderjohn, a 6' 11" string bean, and Forward Doug True are back, too.

With the addition of 6' 9" Larry Gray, a transfer from New Mexico, Long Beach State, which was 21-8 last season, should have its best team since the recruiting scandals of 1973. The 49ers lost in the first round of last spring's NCAA regionals to Big Sky champ Idaho State, which has a new coach, Lynn Archibald, but needs a new center to replace 7-foot Steve Hayes. Without him, the Bengals may find it tough to beat out Boise State and Montana.

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A BIGGIE AMONG THE SMALLS

by SARAH PILEGGI

On the edge of the University of Scranton campus is the disused terminal of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, the oldest and most important of the five roads that once carried everything from anthracite to mother-of-pearl buttons from Scranton, Pa., across the Moosic Mountains to markets in New York and Philadelphia.

The ornate old station is maintained as a monument to a time when the Lackawanna Valley produced 18 million tons of coal a year, and Scranton, "preeminently the first coal mining city of the world," employed 14,500 people in 33 mines and 27 collieries, all within the city limits.

But Scranton fell on hard times some 45 years ago, when the 12 veins of coal that had made it rich began to peter out. As mining declined, so did the city's fortunes. Unemployment rose and the population fell—from 140,000 in 1940 to 103,000 in 1970.

As the 1950s began, the city of Scranton and the University of Scranton found themselves bound together in a mutual struggle to survive. The university, originally a small Catholic college named St. Thomas, had been founded in 1888 by the bishop of Scranton and for many years was located in a large stone building downtown. In 1942, with debts of \$150,000 and only 72 students, the school was turned over to the Society of Jesus.

The Jesuits' greatest asset, aside from sublime optimism, was a 21-acre estate that had been left to them by Worthington Scranton, the grandson of one of the city's founders. As the city fathers put up factories to attract industry, the Jesuit fathers began to build a campus. In 12 years, beginning in 1936, they built 15 structures on the estate. The buildings were utilitarian in style, a far cry from the Lackawanna station, but they served the dual purpose of pumping several million dollars into the local economy and creating a reason for youth to stay in Scranton.

That done, the Jesuits took five, and a long, lanky sad-eyed man named Bob Bessoir entered from the wings. Bessoir, a 6' 7" former basketball center from Jersey City, N.J., had played for Scranton from 1951 to 1955, when the players lived on the second and third floors of Coach Pete Carlesimo's house on Vine Street, because there were no dormitories. After graduation and a few years in the Army in the Far East, Bessoir returned to settle in Scranton. He went to work for "The U"—or "Duh U," as it is pronounced by the locals. He coached several sports, taught phys ed and was for a while the sports information director. In 1971 he was appointed head basketball coach, which, of course, was what he had been waiting for. He immediately hired a vigorous young assistant, Michael Strong, to handle the x's and o's, and four years later Bessoir and Scranton won the

NCAA Division III title by beating small college power Wittenberg, 60-57, in overtime.

A national championship, even in Division III, the NCAA's 4-year-old bracket for schools—most of them small—that have agreed to abolish athletic scholarships, does wonders for the civic psyche of any town. For Scranton it was as if a miracle had occurred. The championship team of 1975-76, the "Rock 'n' Roll" Royals, who ran onto the floor to the beat of *Jumpin' Jack Flash* and warmed up to *Sympathy For The Devil*, refused a fire in Scranton that had almost died. When they returned from the championships in Reading, Pa., they were feted in Courthouse Square by a thousand cheering people—businessmen on their lunch hour, the Scranton Central High School band and students who had marched down the hill from Duh U—while a light plane flew overhead, towing a banner that read U OF SCRANTON ROYALS, No. 1. It was a great day for Scranton, as the president of the Chamber of Commerce, the



SCRANTON'S IRVIN JOHNSON

continued

chairman of the county commission and the mayor all pointed out.

"It gave people pride, something they've been lacking for a long time," says Bessior, who had enlivened an evening during the tournament by wearing a fire-engine-red leisure suit. His team called him The Towering Inferno.

"I cultivate the aura of a maverick," says Bessior, "mainly because it's fun."

Indeed, the atmosphere during practices in the Scranton gym is happy and loose. Mike Strong is the fundamentals man and the stricter disciplinary of the two coaches, but even at his end of the court there is no screaming. "With the music playing, it's hard to yell, anyhow," says Bessior.

Last year was a disappointment for Scranton. The Royals' record, 24-8, was not so bad, and they won their regional title. But in the Division III championships, they lost in the semifinals to Wittenberg and wound up third. The main problem was that Paul Miernicki, the point guard around whom the offense is built, got into academic difficulty in December and had to sit out 13 games.

This season the team should be at least as good as the championship bunch of two years ago. Three starters are back—Miernicki, his best friend and backcourt mate, Phil Johnson, and Phil's younger brother Irvin, a 6' 5", 215-pound center who is a sophomore last season was a first-team Division III All-American.

When Irvin Johnson, a high school triple-jump champion, arrived at Duh U, the Scranton papers began calling him the "Flying Fledgling." But last year, when he averaged 14.8 points and 9.7 rebounds a game, he was rechristened "Swirvin' Irvin, the I in the Sky."

The Johnson brothers, sons of a retired Air Force master sergeant, lived in Mississippi, Illinois and Alaska before settling down in Upper Marlboro, Md., where they went to high school. Their guidance counselor was a Scranton grad, and it was he who steered them to Duh U. Miernicki is from Fairless Hills, Pa., near Philadelphia. His father is a steelworker, and he has four brothers and sisters, most of whom are athletes. Miernicki visited the Naval Academy and Drexel but chose Scranton because it needed guards.

The Johnsons, who are black and Protestant, are atypical Scranton students. Reclaiming black players, especially from inner cities, is tough because there are only 854 blacks in Scranton, .8% of the population. The ratio at the university is almost the same. Miernicki, who is white, Catholic and a member of the first generation of his family to go to college, is near the Scranton profile.

The school is small (2,556 day students, including 896 women, who were first admitted in 1972), and costs are moderate (\$3,700 for room, board and tuition). Still, 78% of the full-time undergraduates receive financial aid. Pat Foley, a junior from Edison, N.J., who might have gone to Rutgers but chose Scranton instead, has given his choice a lot of thought. "One night I had a car accident with five other guys," he says. "They took us to the hospital, and before long four or five priests showed up, including Father Byron, the president. I can't imagine Edward Bloustein of Rui-

gers rushing to a hospital because six guys had an accident. If you appreciate that sort of thing, you're going to like this place a lot."

William J. Byron, S.J. has been in Scranton only two years, but he finds that he is already a quasi-public official. "We treat a vitality in Scranton," he says. "We retain youth, and we import more. We give the city a tempo that would wind down to zero if we were to move out."

The beat in Scranton is picking up considerably about now, because the festivities are resuming in the Long Center gym. The Great Raoul (pronounced Rah-ooool), a student who wears a velvet cape and circles the gym riding a "magic" mattress and waving to his subjects, is ready to go into his act again, and the self-appointed cheerleaders have assembled the weird costumes they wear to games.

This year Bessior intends for his team to make its entrances to the theme from 2001: A Space Odyssey, and if he gets his way, his lone regret will be that the season opener against St. Bonaventure will be the Royals' only game against a Division I opponent. The rest of the big-time teams refuse to go near Scranton for fear of being beaten.

"We're small," says Bessior, "but we jump very, very well. We were only outrebounded three times last year, and 90% of the teams we played were taller than we were. We've never had the good big man, a seven-footer. That's the real difference between Division III and Division I."

Wittenberg has lost its entire front line, so Scranton's competition in the Division III championships next spring should come from Ashland and Muskingum of Ohio, Augustana of Illinois, Albany (N.Y.) State and Monmouth of New Jersey. Lyndon (Vt.) State, whose star, Ricky Sutton, has averaged 35.2 points a game for two years, could be a dark horse.

Defending NCAA Division II champion Tennessee-Chattanooga has moved up a category to join the big boys this season. That would seem to leave the No. 1 spot open to either Towson (Md.) State, which has four of its six high scorers returning from a 27-3 team, or North Dakota, which has three of the top five players back from a 26-4 squad that had the fifth-best defense in the division.

They could be challenged by Sacred Heart of Bridgeport, Conn. and its stars, Hector Olivencia, who averaged 20.8 a game, and Andre Means, a 6' 9" center who was the division's leading rebounder.

The NAIA tournament is 41 years old this year, but last season's champion, Texas Southern, will not take part. It has moved into the NCAA's Division I, Newberry (S.C.) College, which was 36-1 last year, would have been a heavy favorite for the title had Coach Neild Gordon not departed for Winthrop College and taken three players with him.

Gardner-Webb of North Carolina was ranked No. 2 last season and had a 99-point scoring average. Four starters have returned, and Coach Eddie Holbrook says his offense looks better than ever. His team's chances for the NAIA title look good, too.

Other contenders should be Grand Valley State (Mich.), Fairmont State (W. Va.) and Winston-Salem State.

CONTINUED

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THE WOMEN CASH IN

by NANCY WILLIAMSON



They will play games this season in the Superdome, Madison Square Garden, the Spectrum and the University of Texas' new \$29 million Superdome, and their national championship will be decided at UCLA's Pauley Pavilion. In recent months 50 colleges sought the services of a 5' 10" guard, while others offered free cars to selected sharpshooters. A wealthy Nebraska alumnus tried to press spending money on a gunner from Kansas, and Joe Namath wrote letters extolling Alabama to out-of-state high-schoolers. Tall foreigners have been imported from Australia, Germany, Denmark and Holland, and coaches and athletes have switched colleges like squirrels jumping from limb to limb. And, of course, the University of Nevada, Las Vegas has been under investigation for recruiting violations.

Sound familiar? Sure, it does; but what's different is that

all of the above is occurring in the women's game, where 1977 heralds the beginning of the age of big bucks and big-time recruiting.

Perhaps money will not buy the 1978 title—a few small colleges are still good enough to make a run at the national championship this season—but certainly large schools with hefty budgets are moving to center court. An early indication of this came last spring when LSU, Tennessee and Baylor finished second, third and fifth, respectively, in the national tournament, which was won by Delta State with Immaculata fourth. In the previous five AIAW championships, only two big schools had been among the top five while Immaculata and Delta State, with a combined enrollment of 3,800, had a stranglehold on the title. Now big has become beautiful. "Large colleges are where it's at," says Forward Cindy Brogdon, who this fall transferred from Mercer (2,000 students) to Tennessee (25,946).

Exhibit A in this trend is North Carolina State. Three years ago State offered a play-for-the-fun-of-it women's program. The year after the men's team won the 1974 NCAA title, the women's squad had a 13-4 record against teams like Catawba, Campbell, Methodist and Meredith and won the state B Division title. It was a start, but at State playing grade-B basketball was embarrassing, especially when up the road small (2,200 students) Elon College won the state Class A championship.

In the spring of 1975 Athletic Director Willis Casey, a strong supporter of women's athletics, decided it was time to upgrade the Wolfpack program. He began by hiring Elon's coach, Kay Yow. "Obviously, she knew what she was doing," he says. "She talked like a coach, demanded a quality program and wanted to win."

Win she did, in her first year leading the Wolfpack to a 19-7 mark and the state title. "That season we really had just one play," says a State fan. "Get the ball to Susan Yow [the coach's All-American sister] and hope she shoots."

That strategy was good for only one year, because Susan, a transfer from Elon, graduated in '76. Last season Yow had to rebuild. Cris Eamhardt (at left in drawing), the team's second-leading scorer (17.5 points per game) and rebounder (8.3), was back, but at 5' 9" she was woefully short to play center. To strengthen the inside game, Yow recruited 6' 2" Genia Beasley (at right in drawing), a three-time all-stater in North Carolina, and 6' 5" June Doby, who had led Union Pines (N.C.) High School to the state championship. For experience, Yow turned to her cross-town farm club, Peace (Junior) College, and landed 5' 11" identical twins Kaye and Faye Young, double trouble on offense (52% from the field) and terrors on defense. The young, aggressive team had a 21-3 record and was ranked 10th in the nation.

That the Wolfpack had become a national power was evident in a game against three-time champion Immaculata last January. Down by 19 points at the half, State came back to tie the Mighty Mies at the buzzer, only to lose 95-90 in overtime. Yow was ecstatic, saying, "We proved we could play with the best." The team also proved it could attract a crowd, 4,000 fans braving a rare North Carolina snowstorm to cheer on the Wolfpack. "If it hadn't snowed we would have had maybe 10,000," says Casey. "Within five years I believe the women here will be averaging 8,000

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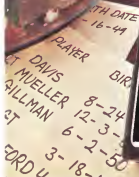
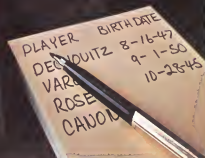
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spectators, more than the national men's average, and we'll be making money."

Casey has kept State sports in the black, but not at the expense of the women's program. In four years its budget has risen from \$20,000 to \$300,000 and its scholarships from none to 46 (12 for basketball, the AIAW limit). Yow recently moved into a spacious four-room office complex at Reynolds Coliseum that will accommodate a staff including a full-time assistant coach, three graduate assistants, two managers, a full-time trainer and a secretary. Yow's new assistant, Nora Lynn Finch, the former head coach at Peace, says, "No college gives its women's team the kind of administrative backing that Casey has given ours. He is not just tolerating us because it is fashionable; he really believes in us."

So, apparently, do a lot of other folks. Forty-five students have signed up to play in the pep band at women's games. Yow was named Tar Heel of the Week (an honor usually bestowed on one of North Carolina's businessmen, doctors or lawyers), a special women's sports brochure has gone to press, and the homecoming issue of *Wolfpack News* published a feature entitled, *WOMEN CAGERS HEADED TO TOP*.

The enthusiasm is justified. "State has so much talent this year I don't know how anyone can stop them," says Tennessee Coach Pat Head. To make sure no one does, Yow and Finch have been working on new tactics that include John Wooden's fast-breaking UCLA offense and Bob Cousy's man-to-man Boston College defense. Three weeks ago Yow called Portland Coach Jack Ramsay to discuss the Trail Blazers offense. "I think we can run some plays off it," says the prematurely gray 35-year-old coach, who like Ramsay stresses team play.

And she now has enough talent to use a balanced attack. Leading the holdovers is Beasley, who averaged 17.5 points and 11.3 rebounds last season. After seeing her play, former Marquette Coach Al McGuire said, no doubt with a touch of his customary hyperbole, "She's the best shooter, man or woman, I've ever seen." The center's weakness was defense, but after playing on the U.S. Junior Pan-Am team last summer, she can match elbows with anyone.

Earnhardt, once again the second leading scorer (15.9) and rebounder (7.3), will be popping her 10-foot jumper, and Yow has eight other letterwomen, including the Young twins and Doty, who blocked 33 shots last year. State's starting guards graduated, but have been replaced by the two best high school players in Virginia, if not the country: Ginger Rouse and Trudi Lacey. Both are 5' 10", can dribble behind their backs without breaking stride and have exceptional body control.

State used to set up on offense 95% of the time. Now, with the two speedy young Virginians and with Beasley 12 pounds lighter, it will be zip, zip, swish.

Despite all this talent the Wolfpack will not have an easy road to the national title because the Southeast region is the toughest in the country. There are other powerhouses at Tennessee, Old Dominion, Tennessee Tech, Memphis

State and Kentucky. At Tennessee, All-America Trish Roberts is gone, but Coach Head went through Georgia like Sherman. She snatched Cindy Brogdon and Jan Seay from Mercer and recruited two Georgia all-stars, Cindy Ely and Debbie Groover, to go with fleet holdover Guard Holly Warlick.

In practice the Vols wear bright orange T-shirts emblazoned with OFFENSE SELLS TICKETS BUT DEFENSE WINS THE GAME. It is going to have to, because Tennessee lacks a strong inside game to match North Carolina State's or Old Dominion's. ODU has 6' 5" Danish wonderwoman Inge Nissen and 5' 10" Olympian Nancy Lieberman back. New Coach Marianne Stanley, a former Immaculata star,

arrived in Norfolk with two ex-Mighty Mac forwards, Dolly Van Baskirk and Linda Jerome, who should lead the Monarchs into the Top Ten. Tennessee Tech lost four starters, but leading scorer Gayle Burgess (15.7 points), 6' 5" Center Trish Bell and speedy Forward Pam Chambers are still around. They might be enough to take the Golden Eagles to the nationals for the seventh straight time. Memphis State and Kentucky are building rapidly and could surprise.

In the East, Immaculata has lost Coach Cathy Rush and her 149-15 record to retirement. All-America Mary Schaffr to graduation and Assistant

Coach Stanley and two players to Old Dominion. It could be a long season for the once mighty Mocs, with Montclair State, led by the nation's leading scorer, Carol (Blaze) Blazejowski (34-point average), St. Joseph's, Rutgers and Maryland on the schedule.

The AIAW's other traditional power, Delta State (109-6 the last four years), will have to play without All-everything Center Lucy Harris and team leader Wanda Hairston, but seniors Debbie Brock, Cornelia Ward and Ramona Von Boeckman are on hand. They give the Lady Statesmen a chance of winning a record fourth straight national title. LSU, which still has its 6' 2" Aussies, Maree Bennie and Julie Gross, and Wayland Baptist are among the few teams in the country not hard hit by graduation. Wayland Coach Dean Weese has the starting lineup that averaged 86.9 points a game last year. The Flying Queens, with tall Jill Rankin and strong Marie Kocurek inside, should be among the final four in March. However, Texas is women's basketball country, and Stephen F. Austin, Baylor or Texas could clip the Queens' wings.

In the Midwest, Kansas State is the favorite, while on the West Coast, UCLA, under new Coach Billie Moore, will field its strongest team ever. Three-time All-America Ann Meyers (18.3 scoring average) is back, along with the team's two other top scorers, Anita Ortega (14.8) and Dianne Frisner (12.2). In the AIAW's new championship format, which will copy the NCAA by bringing only four teams, rather than 16, to the finals at Pauley Pavilion, UCLA will have the easiest region to win. If the Bruins make it to the finals, beware. They have not lost at home since Feb. 5, 1975.

THE TOP 10

SCHOOL	ENROLLMENT
1 NO. CAROLINA STATE	17,700
2 WAYLAND BAPTIST	927
3 TENNESSEE	25,948
4 DELTA STATE	3,300
5 LSU	25,426
6 MONTCLAIR STATE	7,500
7 OLD DOMINION	14,000
8 UCLA	30,710
9 ST. JOSEPH'S	2,314
10 MARYLAND	25,000

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They sure didn't come up short

When Western Carolina joined the big time, its 5' 8" stars went to the top



Tollison leads the nation with 73 receptions
Lippford's 106 points make him No. 1 in scoring



Folks in the hill country of western North Carolina are partial to squirrel hunting, clog dancing and old-time religion. Of late they have also come to fancy football the way it is played at Western Carolina University, a cluster of red brick buildings nestled like a secret military installation in the Blue Ridge Mountains 55 miles southwest of Asheville. The Catamounts rely on small, feisty players passed over by more illustrious schools, and, while the little guys don't always win, their wide-open style draws fans aplenty out of the surrounding hills.

Excitement ran even higher than usual last Saturday during Western Carolina's season-ending 44-14 win over the Appalachian State Mountaineers, who hail from up the road in Boone, N.C. For the Catamounts, who started slowly this season, the victory in what is known thereabouts as Hillbilly Bowl was their fifth straight and enabled them to wind up the season with a 6-4-1 record. For their followers, a record 12,015 of whom packed into E. J. Whitmore Stadium, it was also a fitting farewell to Tailback Darrell Lippford and Split End Wayne Tollison, two typically minuscule Cats who entered the game and ended their careers as the nation's leading major-college scorer and pass receiver, respectively. Which is scarcely any more astounding, of course, than the news that Western Carolina is a major college.

Lippford, a 5' 8", 178-pound study in forward motion, scored 16 touchdowns in Western Carolina's first 10 games and he tallied two more against Appalachian State despite fracturing a toe early in the game. Tollison, all of 5' 8" and 165 pounds, had 62 receptions in the first 10 games and last Saturday he darted through the Appalachian secondary to grab 11 more passes. Because some Division I schools still have at least one game remaining on their schedules, there is a remote chance Lippford and Tollison could be overtaken in the national rankings. But who would have expected them to be there in the first place?

Though its enrollment has grown to 7,000, Western Carolina retains much of the flavor of the backcountry teachers' college it used to be. It is located in Cullowhee, a crossroad consisting of a post office and a couple of stores. The nearest picture show is seven miles away in

the slightly bigger (pop. 1,900) hamlet of Sylva. When the weather is right, students amuse themselves by floating on inner tubes on the Tuckasegee River, and all year round by chewing Beech-Nut or Red Man.

One of Western Carolina's few links to the big time is Bob Waters, the coach and athletic director. A soft-spoken Georgia farm boy who starred at quarterback for South Carolina's Presbyterian College, Waters spent six seasons with the San Francisco 49ers in the 1960s. When he arrived at Western Carolina in 1969 he set out to upgrade what was until then strictly a small-college program—and a determinedly mediocre one at that. Waters oversaw the planning and construction of E. J. Whitmore Stadium, which opened in 1974 atop what was once a frog pond, and he replaced the Elons and Carson-Newmans on the schedule with somewhat more ambitious rivals like Furman and The Citadel. This season the upstart Cats joined the Southern Conference—and the NCAA's Division I—and won the same number of games they did last year.

As one might expect of an ex-NFL quarterback, Waters has emphasized a passing attack. As one might not expect, over the years he has fielded such novelties as a 5' 4" cornerback and a 189-pound middle guard. Only one player on this year's squad weighs more than 225. "I feel that quickness is more important than size," Waters explains. "Small kids play hard. Of course, it's also true that they're sometimes the only kids we can get."

Lippford certainly proves Waters' point. A native of Lenoir, N.C., he came to Western Carolina when he realized that it was "one of the few places I'd be able to play right away." He now wears ensembles of purple and gold—the school colors—and drives a "Catamount purple" 1971 Dodge Dart. Adept at wriggling through the slightest openings in a line, Lippford rushed for 983, 714 and 1,074 yards his first three years. NFL scouts have nevertheless stayed away in droves, and Lippford is of the heartfelt opinion that they have missed something. "I can play in the pros," he insists. "My strength is that I'm a sensitive runner—I can feel people coming at me even when I can't see them."

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wondrous than Tolleson, who plays golf in the mid-70s and was heavily recruited by college baseball coaches during his high school days in Spartanburg, S.C. But he wanted to play football and baseball, which he has been able to do at Western Carolina. A slick-fielding shortstop, he also stole 28 bases in 32 games last season and was drafted by the Pittsburgh Pirates, who offered him an exceedingly modest contract. Tolleson turned it down and hopes to "venture back into the draft this year." His decision kept Tolleson available to catch passes again this fall, an endeavor to which he brings quick moves, sure hands and what Waters calls "all-round toughness."

That Lipford and Tolleson are leading the U.S. in two statistical categories (Lipford is also 12th in rushing) is improbable enough. What makes it more so is the fact that they were playing for a team that staggered to a 1-4-1 start. But the Catamounts began getting increasingly inspired play from sophomore Quarterback Mike Pusey, whose crisp passes put Tolleson in contention for the national pass-catching title (Pusey is also the 16th leading passer in the nation). Then, as defenses began keying on Tolleson, Lipford went into gear, scoring 11 touchdowns as the Cats won four straight. A rare note of failure was struck during this spree by a sky diver who was supposed to parachute into E. J. Whitmire Stadium before Western Carolina's homecoming game with Wofford, which the Cats won 41-7. The pilot of the sky diver's plane scoured the hills and hollows for miles around but never could find the campus.

Against Appalachian State Lipford scored on runs of six and one yards in the first half but was otherwise bottled up by Appalachian's swarming linebackers, especially after he injured his toe in the first quarter. Still, history will record that Durrell Lipford gained 1,318 yards this season and 4,089 during his splen did career.

Appalachian State's preoccupation with Lipford gave Tolleson room to maneuver. Pusey and reserve Quarterback Keith Scoggins completed 24 of 30 passes, and the 11 that Tolleson caught, most of them screens and quick-outs, netted 126 yards. Six other passes, two of them for the final touchdowns, were hauled in by freshman Flanker Gerald Harp, a burner from Red Oak, Ga. Big guy? Nope, Harp is 5' 7" and 152 pounds.

continued



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All of which further bears out what the man for whom Western Carolina's stadium was named said during a visit the other afternoon to Coach Waters' office. E. J. Whitmore, politician, university benefactor, construction man and farmer, had driven up from Franklin in his Jeep, his ancient dog Speck by his side. "We're just country people here," confided Whitmore, whose red flannel shirt and overalls might have given him away anyhow. "To us, seeing little fellows play football is mighty entertainin'."

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

SOUTH It was a week filled with significant games that determined bowl bids, conference titles and 10 major—more or less—trophies. North Carolina clinched first place in the Atlantic Coast Conference with a 16-3 decision over Duke. Three field goals by Tom Baddie and 138 yards rushing by Amos Lawrence made winners of the Tar Heels, who now go to the Liberty Bowl where they will meet the loser of the Nebraska-Oklahoma game. Despite missing the season opener and carrying only five times in the second game, Lawrence wound up with 1,211 yards rushing, an ACC record for a freshman. Carolina's defense corralled Mike Dunn, who was the ACC's total-offense leader, limiting him to six completions in 18 attempts for 74 yards and to 24 yards rushing in 15 carries. Dunn, who had thrown 105 times without an interception, also had three of his passes stolen.

After seceding past South Carolina 31-27, Clemson accepted an invitation to face Pittsburgh in the Gator Bowl, its first post-season game since 1959. The Tigers zipped in front 24-0, then fell behind 27-24. Tailback Spencer Clark, who rushed for 157 yards in 18 carries, started the Gamecock resurgence with a 77-yard scoring run late in the third period. Quarterback Ron Bass ended it when he hit Philip Logan with a 40-yard, fourth-down scoring pass with 1:48 to go. Quarterback Steve Fuller then took Clemson 67 yards in 50 seconds for the final touchdown, combining with Jerry Butler on a 20-yard pass.

Headed for the first Hall of Fame Classic in Birmingham was Maryland, a 28-0 victor over Virginia as George Scott ran for 173 yards and scored on a 13-yard pass. In his last three games Scott has rushed for a total of 581 yards.

While idle Alabama learned it would play Ohio State in the Sugar Bowl, other South-

eastern Conference teams fought for somewhat lesser rewards—the Beer Barrel, the Golden Egg and the Rag. Doing his best to root Kentucky to victory in the Beer Barrel clash against Tennessee was Henry Harris, the proprietor of a bar near the Wildcat campus. Although Harris frantically ran up and down the aisles blowing his police whistle, waving signs and exhorting people to cheer, the Wildcats trailed 17-14 after Jim Taylor booted a 57-yard, fourth-quarter field goal. Six Kentucky defensive starters were ailing, and Quarterback Derrick Ramsey was unable to pass because of an injured shoulder. In stepped sophomore Mike Deason to replace Ramsey. On his first play Deason hit Felix Watson with a 36-yard pass to the Vol 44. Back came Ramsey, who wrapped up the victorious drive by plunging over from one yard out for a 21-17 verdict. The Beer Barrel became the Kentucky-Tennessee trophy in 1925 when, despite the protests of the WCTU, one was lugged around the field wearing a sign that said SEE WATER as students sang *How Dry I Am*.

In 1927 the Golden Egg came to symbolize supremacy for Magnolia State rivals. This battered metal object, which looks more like a football than an egg, went to Mississippi State this season as the Bulldogs overcame a 14-0 Mississippi lead and won 18-14 at Jackson. State Quarterback Bruce Threadgill passed for one touchdown and ran for another, and David Marler kicked 44- and 30-yard field goals.

Two visiting teams also blew leads. Cincinnati lost a 9-0 fourth-quarter advantage in dropping a 13-9 verdict to Vanderbilt. Utah led 20-10 going into the last period, only to have Florida score four touchdowns and pull out a 38-19 victory.

LSU struggled post independent Tulane 20-17 as junior Charles Alexander rushed for 199 yards and set an SEC season record of 1,455 yards. To the winners went the Rag, a flag split diagonally and bearing both teams' colors.

Austin Peay won the Ohio Valley Conference championship by downing East Tennessee State 24-10.

Louisville beat Indiana State 27-16 even though Vincent Allen gained 122 of his 128 yards rushing in the second half. Allen then finished the season with 1,026 yards and his career with 4,335 to become the fourth NCAA Division I runner to have four 1,000-yard years. Louisville will go to the Independence Bowl where it will face Louisiana Tech, a 41-14 loser to North Texas State Tech, which topped the nation in total defense (204.9 yards a game), yielded 493 yards to the Mean Green. Picking up 216 yards was Quarterback Ken Washington, who hit on 13 of 19 passes for four touchdowns.

1. ALABAMA (9-1)

2. KENTUCKY (10-1) 3. N. CAROLINA (8-2-1)

EAST Down the drain—that's where a possible bowl bid and a perfect season went for Colgate.

The Red Raiders brought a 10-0 record and a 501.7-yards-a-game total offense, the best in the country, with them to Delaware. They led 3-0 at the half, but the Blue Hens shut them out in the final 30 minutes to win 21-3. In this rare battle between a pair of wing-T teams, Delaware moved ahead 7-3 late in the third period on a surprise play-action pass. Halfback Craig Carroll slipped behind a linebacker, caught a pass from Quarterback Jeff Komlo and outran four defenders on his 75-yard touchdown punt. Delaware also exploited its "counter cross-cross." This was the play that Clary Anderson, who quarterbacked Colgate's last unbeaten team in 1932, said was "exactly the one we used to have. Knute Rockne and others called it an 'inside Sally.' Everybody's going one way, and you go the other." Delaware used the play to take a 14-3 lead. Komlo handing off to Halfback Ivory Sully, who handed off to Carroll, who went "the other way" for 32 yards and six points. With its offense outdistanced 419 yards to 329, Colgate went down to defeat. Constantly harassing the Red Raiders was Safety Mike Randolph, who made three interceptions, a fumble recovery and 15 tackles.

With Art Monk scoring on an 11-yard pass and on runs of 25 and 30 yards, Syracuse throttled West Virginia 28-9. Monk gained 138 yards in 19 rushes as the Orange finished with a 6-5 record in a season in which they beat one bowl-bound team (Washington) and lost to four others (North Carolina State, Maryland, Penn State and Pittsburgh).

Gaining 596 yards, 475 of them on the ground, Rutgers walloped Boston University 63-8. Three backs did most of the damage. Mark Lassiter rushing 142 yards on only six carries, Glen Kehler adding 132 on 10 attempts and Mike Fisher plugging for 48 yards and three touchdowns on seven rushes.

In the "most-played" series, Lehigh came back from a 17-14 deficit to down Lafayette 35-17 in their 113th confrontation. Mike Roeker rallied Lehigh with his 21st, 22nd and 23rd touchdowns of the season. In another traditional showdown Temple defeated Villanova 38-15 to win the Quaker City Award.

1. PENN STATE (9-1)

2. PITTSBURGH (8-1-1) 3. COLGATE (10-1)

WEST Washington, with its Moonshine Offense and Bring 'Em Down to Earth Defense performing admirably, carved up Washington State 35-15. That insured the Huskies of at least a tie for the Pac-8 title—and a berth in the Rose Bowl if USC beats UCLA this week. Either USC or Washington will face Texas or Texas A&M in the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl.

Warren Moon's 12-for-18 passing resulted in three touchdowns and gave Washington

continued

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A close-up photograph of a middle-aged man with a pained expression, his eyes squinted and his face flushed. He is wearing a blue and white polka-dot party hat and a red and black plaid shirt over a white striped shirt. He is holding a glass of water with a white, effervescent tablet dissolving in it. The background is a solid green color.

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possession of the Apple Cup. Joe Steele caught two of the scoring passes and also rammed into the end zone from three yards out. The Huskie defense zapped State's Throwin' Samson. Jack Thompson, holding him to nine yards passing in the first half. Most of Thompson's 17 completions in 38 tries came after Washington took a 35-0 lead.

Senior Guy Benjamin and freshman Duran Nelson had outstanding afternoons as Stanford beat California 21-3. Benjamin, the NCAA's top-ranked passer, connected on 16 of 27 throws for 211 yards and his 19th touchdown. Nelson, a running back, became only the sixth freshman to rush for 1,000 yards in major-college ranks, picking up 94 yards to bring his total to 1,069. Stanford, which will meet LSU in the Sun Bowl, concluded its first unbeaten and untied at-home season since Clark Shugart's 1940 Wow Boys by nailing down its sixth backyard victory of the year. The Cardinals also won The Axe, a 15-inch steel blade once stolen by Stanford routers who posed as photographers but whose cameras were equipped with tear-gas canisters, not flashbulbs.

With freshman Halfback Gary Beck rushing for 131 yards and throwing a 65-yard scoring pass, Oregon beat Oregon State 28-16.

There's nothing like a little miserable weather to make Colorado State feel right at home, which is where the Rams conferred Arizona State. In 15 previous meetings, 10 of them played in Tempe, the weather had always been tolerable and the Sun Devils had always won. It seemed they would continue their mastery when they swept to a 14-3 second-period advantage. But the Sun Devils, who had practiced at home in 83° sunshine, froze when the temperature in Fort Collins plummeted from 33° to 29°. As the weather got colder the Rams got hotter, piling to within 14-10 at halftime, then amid a second-half snowstorm they took complete command. Linebacker Dana Ilofene picked off a pass and ran it back 15 yards for a Ram touchdown and a 17-14 lead. Tom Drake bodied 30- and 42-yard field goals, and Arizona State Quarterback Dennis Sproul was smothered for a safety. That gave Colorado State a 25-14 win and a berth in the Fiesta Bowl against Penn State if Arizona, which beat Texas-El Paso 41-24, topples Arizona State this week.

Marc Wilson of Brigham Young equaled an NCAA record with 27 first-half completions as the Cougars built a 24-8 lead over Long Beach State. But Paul McGuffigan teamed up with Vernon Henry on touchdown passes of 53 and 49 yards to enable the Forty-Niners to move in front 27-24 early in the fourth quarter. BYU pulled out this non-conference tussle in Provo 30-27 as Wilson completed six of seven passes in an eight-play, 71-yard drive that was climaxed by Tod Thompson hauling in a 15-yard scoring pass with 5:43 left. That was the fourth TD pass of the day for Wilson, whose 37 completions

in 54 attempts accounted for 408 yards.

Florida State, which will meet Texas Tech in the Tangerine Bowl, was beaten 41-16 by San Diego State. Both teams entered the game with 8-1 records, but the Aztecs got fine performances from Joe Davis (he made good on 21 of 30 passes for 228 yards) and Ronnie Smith (he gained 121 yards on nine receptions, three of them for touchdowns).

1. UCLA (7-3)

2. WASHINGTON (7-4) 3. ARIZONA STATE (8-2)

MIDWEST The Air Force's retiring Coach Ben Marun was presented with the traditional N.D. blanket by Notre Dame Athletic Director Moose Krause before his final game. As soon as the contest began, though, the Irish began making the Falcon defense look like a patchwork quilt. Halfback Vagas Ferguson racing 56 yards for a touchdown on Notre Dame's first play from scrimmage. When it was all over the Irish had a 49-0 victory and 680 yards in total offense, 128 picked up by Ferguson, who did not run in the second half. Northwestern's Johnny Port, who announced his retirement last Tuesday, avoided a winless season, his Wildcats stopping Illinois 21-7. Minnesota beat Wisconsin 13-7 as Kent Kitzmann of the Gophers, who set an NCAA mark by carrying the ball 57 times the week before, continued to be a busybody, gaining 154 yards in 40 attempts. Freshman Marion Barber got Minnesota's lone touchdown on a 33-yard run and wound up with 97 yards in 17 carries as the Gophers regained the eight-foot-long Paul Bunyan Axe. Paul Rogind, who kicked field goals of 27 and 33 yards, supplied the winning margin for the fifth time this season. The Old Oaken Bucket went to Indiana for its 21-10 trouncing of Purdue. Michigan State knocked off Iowa 22-16.

Oklahoma and Nebraska rested for this week's Big Eight title game, but other conference teams were in action. Oklahoma State's dazzling Terry Miller had his 19th straight 100-yard effort as he rushed for 155 yards, but Iowa State won 21-13. Dexter Green had a hard in all three Cyclone touchdowns. Iowa State will take on North Carolina State in the Peach Bowl. Colorado's James Mayberry rushed for 174 yards—his seventh 100-yard game of the season—in a 23-9 win over Kansas State. Brian Bethke of Kansas, who was recovering from an ankle injury and had passed for only 204 yards all year, hit on six of nine tosses for 180 yards to help upset Missouri 24-22. One of Bethke's passes was a 44-yard touchdown strike.

A 57-21 romp over Tulsa moved West Texas State into a tie for first place in the Missouri Valley Conference as Fullback Bob Robinson ran for 204 yards and three touchdowns.

Central Michigan took second place in the Mid-American Conference by holding off

Western Michigan 28-23. Dave Wilson's four touchdowns passes helped third-place Ball State roll over Eastern Michigan 45-21.

1. OKLAHOMA (9-1)

2. MICHIGAN (10-1) 3. OHIO STATE (9-2)

SOUTHWEST The idea was viable, but the results were disastrous. What TCU wanted to do was stop Texas A&M's massive full-back, George Woodard. Concentrating its energies on that formidable task, though, gave fleet Halfback Curtis Dickey running room, and he made the most of it by speeding 13 and 80 yards for scores and gaining 175 yards in 20 carries. For his part, Woodard blasted through the keying defenders for 163 yards in 20 carries and scored on runs of six and 28 yards. Freshman Quarterback Mike Mosley rushed for another 98 yards on 15 carries as the Aggies, who won 52-23, rolled up 605 yards on the ground, five short of the SWC record, and gained 687 all told, the most ever in a conference game. Another SWC mark was established by TCU's Mike Renfro, who hauled in nine passes to give him a career total of 159. The former record of 155 was held by Jerry Lewis of SMU.

It seemed someone's game plan for the Texas-Baylor matchup should have included putting glue on the ball. The Longhorns lost five of seven fumbles, the Bears five of eight. Earl Campbell hung on to the ball long enough to ensure Texas' 29-7 victory, rushing for 181 yards and the 37th touchdown of his career.

One game remains for the Longhorns, this week's showdown with Texas A&M, the winner going to the Cotton Bowl. Arkansas, which will take on the Big Eight title in the Orange Bowl, drubbed SMU 47-7. Ben Cow-

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: With David (Deacon) Turner, a 5'11", 205-pound senior running back, rushing for 189 yards and two touchdowns on 25 carries and catching three passes for 25 yards, San Diego State shocked Florida State 41-16.

DEFENSE: Mike Bell, a 6'5", 262-pound junior tackle for Colorado State, was in on 17 tackles (six for losses of 35 yards and a safety) and caused a fumble and an interception in the Rams' 25-14 upset of Arizona State.

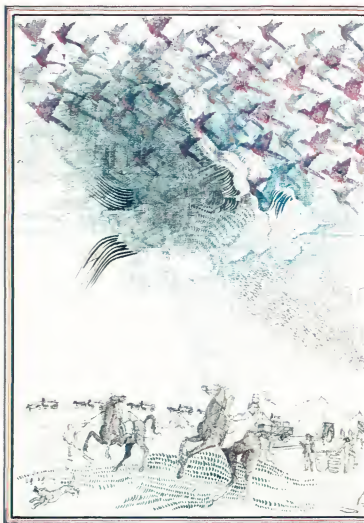
ins scored twice and amassed 115 yards rushing, and Steve Little's two field goals gave him an NCAA Division I career-record 52.

Houston piled up 485 yards while dismantling Texas Tech 45-7. Alon Blackwell of the Cougars rushed for 136 yards in 17 carries and scored a pair of touchdowns.

1. TEXAS (10-0)

2. ARKANSAS (9-1) 3. TEXAS A&M (7-2)

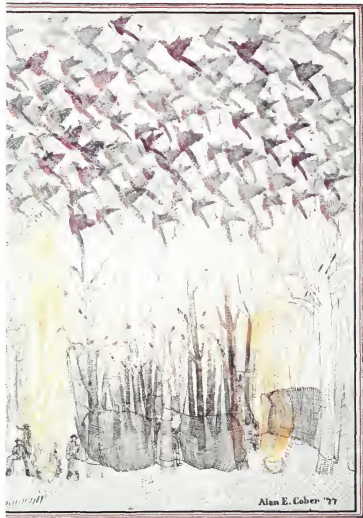
A HURRICANE



OF DEATH

The extinction of the great flocks of passenger pigeons is a familiar story. Here, however, is a stark account of what actually happened to the birds, and why

BY HILARY MASTERS



Alan E. Cober '77

CONTINUED

Although the story that follows is fiction—it is taken from Halary Masters' new novel *Post*, a work still in progress—it is nonetheless an accurate account of an appalling chapter in man's relationship with wildlife. Passenger pigeons existed in such numbers in 19th century North America that their flights literally darkened the sky. The ornithologist Alexander Wilson reported seeing a flock near Frankfort, Ky. around 1808 "that was several miles wide and 40 miles long." Wilson estimated the flight was composed of 2,230,272,000 birds—that's 2.2 billion. Yet little more than 100 years later, in 1914, the last surviving passenger pigeon, a hen named Martha, died in the Cincinnati Zoo.

Perhaps the sheer magnitude of the species' numbers doomed it to extinction, for the enormous flocks inspired awe and fear, emotions that seem to stimulate in man a desire to overcome, capture, destroy. For decades massive hunts took place in which pigeons were netted live for use by trap-shooting clubs or were killed and shipped to market for food (squab and pigeon pie were popular

dishes on 19th century menus). Such "harvesting" of the birds was so routine that reports of pigeon hunts usually appeared in newspaper sections devoted to farm and agricultural news.

As for the hunt described here, there was in fact such a hunt in Wisconsin in the spring of 1881, although no detailed description of it exists. A story that ran later in the Milwaukee *Sentinel* related in part, "One man shipped 2 million of these birds out of the county, and the ground was strewn with the carcasses of young pigeons, too small for shipment, and for three weeks there was an area of several miles where such a stench arose as to sicken travelers." Masters says, "I mined separate accounts of other hunts in order to create a description of a hunt supposedly staged at Mauston, Wis. that would be a truthful portrayal of the destruction that took place in such a hunt."

In this passage Leo Post, the protagonist of Masters' novel, has the rapt attention of his listeners as he tells them about the passenger pigeon.

Imagine those two dozen swallows to be millions (said Leo Post). Imagine them to be millions—millions—and you have some idea of the awesome effect of passenger pigeons when they swooped into a forest. There is probably no more complete record of a species becoming extinct than that of this bird. The first descriptions we have go back to 1534: Cartier's account of a flock over Prince Edward Island. Of course, there are many before that in various Indian accounts. Then all the way to the last bird, poor Martha in the Cincinnati Zoo, 1914. Year by year, like the daily hospital record of a dying patient, a historic register was kept: where their great flights took them, the quantity of food they consumed, how they mated, the sounds they made—everything down to Martha's last sigh when she fell off the perch in Cincinnati. Her cage had been shielded from the public during her last few months so as not to disturb her. She had a weak heart, as all pigeons might at the age of 29.

I am talking about a bird that no longer exists, *Columba migratoria*, an American bird, the bird of liberty, not the eagle, but a pigeon. A dead pigeon, long dead. No constitution, no court of law can bring it back. And yet the great numbers of the pigeon were astonishing from the beginning. I had an ancestor, Captain Ira Leek, a famous shot who in his lifetime bagged more than 28,000 pigeons . . . and that only in contests, not in the field. After a while, clay had to be substituted for flesh and feather because there were no more real birds to use as targets.

In March 1883, Captain Leek was traveling to Milwaukee aboard the Red Diamond Express of the Richmond & Minneapolis Railroad. He had just eaten a very good breakfast and had gone back to his Pullman. The porter was making up his berth. The captain noted a certain haste in the porter's behavior, a hurried if not careless creasing of linen that was no credit to his training.

"George," my ancestor addressed him, "there seems to be something bothering you." The porter explained his haste by relating that additional cars had been added in the train as the Red Diamond Express click-clacked through the night, one in Lexington, another in Cincinnati, a third in Vincennes and so on, until by morning, when it pulled into Milwaukee, there were half a dozen more coaches on the train than there were when it left Richmond. The occupants of these added coaches were for the most part professional pigeon netters.

It seems that a great flock of passenger pigeons had nested in a forest near the small town of Mauston. The railway freight agent of that community had telegraphed the good tidings. Ticky-tack-tick-tack. One afternoon, the sky had darkened and millions of these handsome creatures winged in low over the village and over the still brown fields of early spring to glide into an oak forest, soon festooning the bare limbs with their flat, shaggy nests. Ticky-tick-tick went the telegraph key of the alert freight agent: come and get 'em.

When the netters in the rear coaches learned that my ancestor was on the train, they sent him a special invitation to join them in their hunt. He had firmly established his reputation as a pigeon shot a year earlier in a three-way match in Chicago in which he killed 100 pigeons without a miss, using his second barrel, to quote a sports journal, with "marvelous effect."

With the netters, he boarded a special train in Milwaukee, a train with coaches for the netters and boxcars for their equipment and supplies. It was a most felicitous journey. Several of the company were talented musicians and had brought their guitars and mouth organs. Fine bourbon was shared, stories were swapped, and, all in all, the good-natured manliness of the occasion started many down the path toward lifelong friendships.

Captain Leek, upon request, demonstrated the proper stance for making a good wing shot: left foot slightly advanced, right foot as a brace, and left hand advanced to the tip of the fore-end; the gun stock not at the shoulder but halfway between elbow and armpit. Should the bird fly either to right or left, the right foot is used as a pivot on which the body swings around.

This happy fraternity of sportsmen ploed the famous marksman with questions. Should the shotgun barrels be choked or not? What is the optimum distance for a clean kill? What effect has the Parker Trap had on the sport of pigeon shooting? Is it true that clipping the toes off will make the bird fly like a rocket when it is released from the trap? Had Captain Leek ever shot against this new man Bogardus? When Anne Oakley and Captain Leek held their famous match in Seneca, N.Y., was it true that she shot her first 50 birds from the trap?

By the time the special train arrived at its destination, the small town of Mauston bustled and hummed with preparations. A tent city had been put up along a rail spur, because the number of netters and curious hangers-on was triple the population of the village. Cargoes of salt and empty barrels were unloaded and stored. Heavy wagons crashed back and forth through the town, drawn by teams of horses whipped this side of madness. Small boys ran errands, each one with the breathless certainty that the success of the whole endeavor rested on his mission. On the appeal of the freight agent, the town bank closed down for a couple of days so that the tellers could help with the freight accounting and bookkeeping. More netters and a few journalists, including a team from *The Police Gazette*, arrived on the evening train, and a string of silent, sealed freight cars came in later from the north. A glistening expanse of frost on the sides of the freight cars indicated the cargo was ice, freshly cut from the still-frozen lakes of Canada.

A large tent was erected behind the station to be used for processing and packing. Just across the tracks another sort of processing plant had been set up by a group of amiable young women who had arrived from Chicago on the noon train. The Bible Institute of Cairo, Ill. established a small mission to serve soup as well as spiritual sustenance. The Carnegie library shipped in a load of books. Thus, in a matter of 48 hours, the weight

of Western culture followed the railroad tracks into this small prairie village in Wisconsin.

It's not easy to tell this tale straight, for it can become just another numbers game. We seem possessed by numbers these days. We consume zeroes. We have become saturated with accounts of fire and bombings, mass slaughters and controlled starvations. Figures like 2,500 dead only whet the appetite for 44,000 lost, and that makes us hungry for, say, 500,000 annihilated, which in turn gives us an appetite for 1 million dead. What I am getting at is that at the end of the kill it was estimated that 2 million—2 million—pigeons were trapped or killed. This does not include those left to rot on the forest floor or to be gobbled by pigs that local farmers were permitted to turn loose in the woods. Thousands and thousands of birds were leed or salted, packed in barrels and shipped off to market. Captain Leek paid for 550 birds, captured alive and unharmed, that were shipped to the grateful membership of the Dexter Park Sportsman Club of Providence, R.I. as a gift in appreciation for the warm reception given him earlier in the year. All of the birds Leek sent survived the trip in good shape, although taking about three times as long by freight as they would have on their wings—if they migrated east and west instead of north and south. The pigeons turned out to be, in the words of the club secretary's note of thanks to Captain Leek, "the most challenging birds at 20 yards we've ever released, flying straight and clean. It was a splendid afternoon you provided us."

It's all there, in papers and books, in Captain Leek's journals, in the journals of others, in newspaper stories, historical society reports... I've added nothing, exaggerated nothing.

The activity began in the morning when an army of hunters left town on greased axles and muffled hooves. Several miles down the road was a small rise that gave a fine perspective in all directions. The countryside appeared to be one vast wheat field. To the southwest lay the forest, thick and wild, with large oaks as well as sycamore, dogwood, some spruce and elm. Captain Leek always carried two shotguns in his personal baggage when traveling, but he did not take either one to the hunt, for fear there might be a law against it in Wisconsin. New York State had passed a law in 1862 that prohibited the discharge of any firearms within one mile

continued



MARTHA (1865-1913)

of a pigeon nesting. Some journals had hailed that law as a measure to preserve the pigeon, until they began to suspect that the strongest lobby for the bill, the one really responsible for its passage, had been financed by the wholesale poultry industry. In effect, the New York law permitted professional netters and trappers to go about their work in peace, with no danger of being wounded by stray shots.

Suddenly the pale dawn sky went black, as if one of those early photographers had fitted a cap over the lens of heaven. An eerie sound swept over the hunters, like that of a gale roaring down the prairie, but not a blade of timothy, not a finger of new wheat stirred. The sound screamed in their ears and some of the horses reared, looking wildly about for the destruction that surely was upon them. Close to a million pigeons were rising from the forest. They took off in a gigantic column, formed themselves into a gigantic blot and swept in a wide flank across the sky.

No, they had not been frightened by the men. This was a normal feeding procedure, for the passenger pigeon rarely ate and nested in the same place. A fastidious bird. Quite often, as in this case, the feeding ground would be at some distance. This flight of birds was on its way to a near-primeval beechwood 50 miles off. These were adult males that had taken off, leaving the hens to tend the nests, for they took turns, and the toms usually left the nests in the morning.

The hunters moved quickly off the road and across the wheat field toward the edge of the forest. We can assume that the farmer who owned the field was compensated for the damage done to his crop. Near the woods, tents were erected for dormitories, a mess hall and a small infirmary. At a suitable distance, an orderly network of latrines was dug. The camp was under the supervision of a retired master sergeant of the U.S. Cavalry, a veteran of the Indian wars. Other tents were erected, and in these were placed long tables, piles of gunnysacks, barrels, bags of salt. Practically every woman in town was there, sleeves rolled up, heavy canvas aproned snugly. It was now near full day and the first sweep had to be started before the male birds returned. While the camp was being established the hunters had set large nets between the trees of the forest. Some called these, porce-

nets, and it was a good name for them. Others set up big iron pots in the woods over fires to cook sulphur. Yet others cut long limbs to be used as poles.

Above them, the pigeons' saucer-shaped nests clotted the branches of the trees like fungus growths. It was too early in spring for leaves to be on the trees, but the number of these nests was enough to subdue the light, making the men's work below more difficult. We're talking about more than half a million pigeon nests, each one with a plump, fuzzy squab in it peering over the edge.

These small pigeons, their crops swollen with the food their parents pushed down their throats, were the prime objects of all this preparation. These downy fledglings were what had caused that freight agent to finger his telegraph key. The delicacy of squab. It was a favorite of Diamond Jim Brady's when he dined at Luchow's. The appetite for these succulent birds was never sated and indeed increased worldwide as processing and transportation techniques improved. Adult pigeons were also trapped for the market and, though tougher and gamier, they brought a better price than chicken. The flavor of the flesh could be improved if the birds were trapped live and fed a diet of grain before being prepared for the table.

From their nests, the fat little squabs watched all the activity below, their black bills turning this way and that as their soft breasts pressed against the coarsely woven mats of twigs. They were about a week from their first flight. The larger female birds were creating a

dreadful racket, screeching as they whizzed through the trees like gray missiles. Audubon said these birds retained a vestigial coo that was used only in quiet moments of courtship. Otherwise, their great numbers demanded a cry that could be heard. Thoreau said their call reminded him of creaking tree limbs. Every one of them—millions of them, you must remember—was putting out a full-throated keek-keek, keek-keek that became a roar that could be heard miles away.

Their best defense was their droppings. It would have routed any rambler who might have stumbled upon the nesting ground, for it fell in a steady bluish-white rain. But the professional hunters were prepared: each wore a leather or cloth helmet and an armorlike suit of sackcloth to protect



continued

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against the drizzle of excrement. Heavy boots were also necessary, for in some places the stuff already covered the forest floor.

Did anyone give a signal? Did anyone stand at the edge of the forest, when all was ready, and blow a bugle? Did anyone vault into the crook of a tree, raise his cap and cry, "C'mon, boys, c'mon"? My ancestor makes no mention of any such command, but perhaps the mayor of Mauston raised a handkerchief or lit a flare. Something. I'd like to think that someone said something, gave the order, rather than that the slaughter commenced unbidden, casually.

In any event, the large pots of sulphur were cooking, sending up suffocating fumes. The small birds, unable to fly, wobbled out of their nests, took one or two steps along a weaving limb, then tumbled to the ground. Nests close to the ground were pushed over by the poles and the nurslings caught. Some of the squabs were so fat that they burst apart on impact with the ground, which, of course, rendered them quite useless.

The great number of them were prepared for market with almost no effort. There were few feathers to pluck. Most important was the removal of the crop; for if this pouch in the neck were not removed, the undigested food it contained would quickly spoil, making the bird unpalatable. The size of the crop was often equal to the body of the young bird. Removing the crop was easy to do with the small birds because their flesh was so tender, butter-soft, that the whole head and crop could be plucked off in one easy gesture. Local schoolchildren who accompanied the netters became quite good at it—they were paid a penny per two dozen squabs delivered to the tents in the field.

The larger birds required more work. Imagine millions of these adult birds dipping and sweeping through the woods. Each pair of adults tended the one egg, taking turns at the nest until just before the squab took wing. All of a sudden in that big wood outside of Mauston there were thousands of female birds discovering their nests empty, their young tumbled below. The birds frantically sought another nest to tend, another young bird to care for, only to have the same thing happen again. Something would shake the nest, tip it, and the fledglings would disappear; or, to escape the heavy smoke that blanketed the treetops, the squabs would wobble out of the nest. The parent birds would scold and screech, but the fumes were too thick, the squab was smothering and it would do anything to escape. Two, maybe three, steps would be all before the squab lost its balance and down it would go.

As you can see, all of their natural instincts were turned around or thwarted. They were faced with an unknown; an unknown that choked them, destroyed their nests, set up a clash of drums, pots and pans, a shouting din that almost drowned out their own cries. Unlike us, the pigeons could not remember the last time their kind was slaughtered, or by whom; so this attack was as strange to them as it was terrifying. The full-grown birds went berserk.

It became a little hazardous for those netters working in the gloom of the forest floor, slipping and falling in the muck and slime. Thousands of birds began to fly blindly at

them, at full speed, in and around the trees at ground level. Some smacked into the solid oaks, some into the netters, who would slip and fall. The men would laugh good-naturedly as they got up, covered in the bluish excrement, and return to their task. Because the air was whizzing with crazed birds, the nets were sprung.

The pigeons flew straight into them, so fast and in such numbers that they quickly resembled colonies of giant bees working about a comb. In most cases their heads and necks went through the web of the nets, facilitating the task of wringing or decapitation. Again, the entire crop had to be removed, though these birds would have nearly empty ones because they had not fed recently. The bleeding feathered carcasses were shoveled onto waiting carts for transport to the wagons parked in the field at the forest's edge. Then the quivering cargo would be hauled to Mauston, to the processing tent where the town ladies removed the feathers, gutted the innards and packed the birds into barrels of salt or ice. As the netting became routine, a continuous line of farm wagons shuffled between village and forest. The townswomen could not keep up with the raw supply, so large pickling vats were hastily put together and loaded after loads of birds were dumped into them.

In the village the sound of the hunt was like Niagara crashing down on the prairie. Farm animals became restless in their pens; cows upset milking pails and forced their stanchions. Chickens left their roosts. Dogs barked and barked.

Then, from the east, came a black cloud, taking shape in the sky like the threatening front of a storm sweeping over the prairie. The male pigeons were returning to take their turns minding the nests and to feed the squabs from the mast partially digested in their crops.

Did anyone think it a beautiful, awesome spectacle, as Alexander Wilson said it was, or as Audubon and John Burroughs described it? The birds, flying very high, gradually descended as they neared the nesting ground they had left at dawn several hours before. The toms became crazed by the same unnatural terror that had struck their mates. Where were the offspring they had left at dawn? Where were their mates? And there was something else. When adult birds exchanged places on the nest they would touch. It was the slightest of contacts, but to be denied this caress of beaks, many of the hens already being dead, could drive a tom pigeon mad.

These powerful, beautiful birds had flown from the swamps of Louisiana to this forest in Wisconsin to bear their young. They and their ancestors had made similar flights for hundreds of years, thousands of years, nobody knows how many years. Now as night began to fall, the wood outside Mauston turned into a theatrical rendering of Hades.

The pots of bubbling sulphur cast a hideos glow, half illuminating the vine-infested tree trunks. Monstrous shadows of hooded figures passed among the convulsing carcasses of the doomed, methodically separating heads from bodies. It was an even larger flock than they had expected.

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Answers: Granada ESS: 1, 4, 5, 7, 9, 12. Mercedes-Benz: 2, 3, 6, 8, 10, 11.



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PIGEONS continued

Several of the netters were overcome by the noxious fumes of the sulphur. The company was so exhausted after that first day's killing that they worked in shifts thereafter.

Townsmen replaced their wives in the process tents so the women could return home to feed their own offspring and tuck them into bed. The men rolled up their sleeves and went to work, talking how they would use the extra income, speculating on the economic effects of the hunt on their small village. It had been a profitable day. The freight agent in Mauston signed a loading receipt for 1,500 barrels that were shipped out by special train that first evening. There were approximately 30 dozen birds to a barrel, or about 500,000 birds. The netters had professional reputations to sustain; they were supplying markets that had become very particular, so only the best of the squabs and birds left Mauston. The other birds had become mangled or spoiled or befouled in the process of capture, so that a great number of pigeons remained on the floor of the forest.

Except for the closing of the school and a few places of business, much of the routine of daily life in Mauston continued, undisturbed by the slaughter occurring on its outskirts. The Mauston Star carried the usual number of birth and death announcements. There was a report of an excursion to Menominee Falls by the Lutheran Sunday School. Oliver Simms Rutledge, one of the leading orators on the Chatauqua circuit, had agreed to speak at the annual Fourth of July celebration. Marsh's Dry Goods and Variety announced the receipt of the latest style of ladies' hats from Boston, along with the most recent patterns from Harper's. The local grain merchant predicted bumper crops of wheat and oats.

There were a few items concerning the pigeon hunt. A brief mention that the flock's nesting area had been sighted and that the station agent had alerted the world. A box on page three of the four-page paper noted that Mrs. Avery Mueller had given birth to a baby while plucking pigeons in the large tent near the railroad station. Labor came on suddenly, and the birth took place on a spare table away from the commotion—plenty of hot water was available. To commemorate the occasion, Mr. and Mrs. Mueller named the baby girl Dove.

On the second morning a new sound

continued

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PIGEONS *continued*

was heard at dawn the ring of metal on wood, the thwack of axes chopping trees. Most of the nests that could be reached by the poles had been tumbled, most of those reached by the fumes of burning sulphur were empty. But there were still many others, a hundred thousand or more, that were situated in the very top of the highest trees, so high that the clouds of gas became diluted and were harmless to the squabs and their parents. The trees had to be brought down. Axes and saws flashed in the early light of that second dawn. Great oaks and ancient spruce fell through the forest's canopy and jarred the ground.

Many of the squabs would be lost in the violence of the fall, but many, many more would not. Moreover, the parent birds would follow their young down and be netted. Large numbers of them were swatted out of the air with sticks as they flew dazedly in thick clusters. One young man used his mother's rug beater with deadly effect.

And so on into the night. By now some objections had been voiced about the dimensions these hunts had assumed. An editorial in a Chicago newspaper criticized the netters for their wasteful methods: "Surely a more humane method can be devised to harvest these birds." Some of the residents of Mauston began to grumble because rowdies and layabouts had accompanied the netters, and a tented brothel was being visited by some townsmen, respectable husbands tempted by big city debaucheries. A petition was passed around by the aggrieved wives. But the long freights continued to ease into the station, all bells and whistles, and depart with wheels slipping under the heavy cargo of packed pigeons.

On the third night, the netters and their friends boarded Pullman cars that were waiting for them on a siding. Most of the men had not slept, the farewell festivities having been so continuous, and they dropped like stones into the thick upholstered chairs and lounges of the

special cars. The tents were struck and packed, the temporary latrines filled and the entrails and waste from the processed birds deposited in a marsh to become the nesting place of swarms of flies.

It had been a good hunt, the netters all agreed. Nearly 6,000 barrels of premium squabs had been iced and shipped out in three days, and the price in Chicago was \$20 per barrel. Several thousand crates of salted birds, plus those that had been pickled, also were expressed. Additional profits were made from by-products. Because of their lightness, pigeon feather ticks were prized in the summer homes of well-to-do families. It took the plumage of more than 1,000 birds to make one tick.

Leaving Mauston at dawn, the train passed the forest near the village. It appeared ravaged by a tornado. Oaks a hundred years old or more had crushed younger trees and lay where they had been felled in a tangled mass barely accessible to squirrels. Most of the forest

continued

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PIGEONS *continued*

still standing had been scorched by the hot sulphuric smoke and would remain leafless and barren, yet in all this devastation there were nests that had not been disturbed. They had been too far from the eye of the hunt, too deep into the forest to make it worth the effort to ravage them, and so many thousands of fledglings survived the onslaught. Normality returned to the village: the children resumed going to school, daily chores were picked up and business as usual recommenced. The station agent leaned back in his chair, wound his watch and waited for the two scheduled trains that stopped each day in Mauston. All would be peaceful at night, though someone's dog might bark far, far away.

About a week or so after the hunt was over, the villagers were startled by a strange sound from the woods. It was like the sighing of a huge beast. What they heard was the sound of the remaining pigeons—the tens of thousands still alive—leaving the forest, continuing their flight to its terminus in northern Canada. And now the surviving squabs had made the first headlong pitch off the perch to discover their wings. Their muscles grew quickly. After a week or so the young birds could fly, and they, too, rose from the forest as one and left.

The villagers and farmers around Mauston watched the pigeons go and remembered the great flock, the great slaughter. A hurried recess was declared so schoolchildren could watch, and remember. The station agent crooked his head out the bay window of his office, wound his watch and remembered. But the pigeons did not remember. They did not recall the decimation of their flock, and though some might have felt strange with no young to escort north, by the time they had crossed the border their instinctual sense of loss had been shoved aside by the demands of survival.

So they climbed in a glittering, raucous column from the blackened wood, as if it were an untouched wilderness, thinking nothing was wrong, not remembering what had gone wrong. They formed in a wave formation, not quite a mile wide because of their reduced numbers, and swept north and out of sight and sound within five minutes. At the last, they were a thin gray mark penciled along the horizon. Then that was gone, erased by distance... a hint of their coming erasure in time.

END

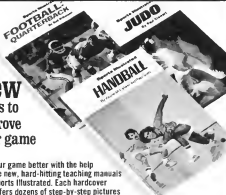
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As I Did It

by ROY ATTAWAY

DESPITE WINTER'S CHILL, ANGLING FOR WEAKFISH IS THE LOW-COUNTRY HIGH

I know I am home now. For a while, there was some doubt, a dread suspicion that Thomas Wolfe was right. In some ways, he was, I suppose, but now the salt wind coming off the marshes is cutting right through my slicker and chambray shirt and touching something deep inside me.

My fingers are numb with the cold, numb as they have not been for years. The closest thing to it that I have experienced recently was the iciness of spring mornings fly-fishing along Connecticut's Housatonic River or in small streams in Dutchess County, N.Y.

That kind of fishing was an alien sport, something acquired from Abercrombie & Fitch. It went with the house in Connecticut, the station wagon and the Brooks Brothers suits. Had you looked for my soul, you would have found it here in the creeks and marshes of the South Carolina low country.

There are countless recollections of the low country lodged in my mind: crabbing with handline and dip net along tidal creeks; fly-fishing for bass and bream in the geometrical canals of fallow rice fields; casting for lumbering channel bass in the warm October surf at Cape Roman; shooting doves in autumn fields; and following a liver-and-white pointer bitch named Mary through frozen sedge for bobwhite quail.

But none of them is as fondly remembered as fishing for speckled trout. It is our trout fishing. They are not truly trout, of course. They are weakfish (named for their tender mouths, not for any lack of fighting ability), members of the croaker family, *Cynoscion nebulosus*. The spotted weakfish. Sometimes we would hook into one of their northern cousins, *Cynoscion regalis*, the common weakfish.

The fish never stray far from the low country. In summer they cleave to the deeper waters offshore or in the sounds. There is a period in deep winter, too, when they slip back into the sea. But in

late October, when the tepid waters of the creeks and rivers cool down, the weakfish come in marauding packs. It is when they are schooling like this that angling for them becomes a passion for the low-country fishermen.

My father was one of the preeminent fishermen of Beaufort County. From his earliest days in Port Royal until he died in 1960, most of his waking moments were filled with schemes to go fishing. For that reason, the nomadic life of the insurance agent suited him perfectly.

In the trunk of his car was a baggy Army field jacket, a pair of oversized trousers, two huge rubber boots, a tackle box and a rod and reel. If he had an hour to spare, he rushed to the nearest creek, slipped the oversized clothing on top of his business suit and fished.

If Daddy was a hell of a fisherman, he was also hell on equipment. For reasons I still cannot fathom, he never made the connection between salt water and corrosion. Reels went unrinsed and frequently froze solid. To be within earshot of my father then, or when he got a backlash in his line, was to broaden one's knowledge of language considerably.

Daddy found that railroad trestles frequently provide access to good trout-fishing holes that otherwise could be reached only by boat. In the lean war years we did not own a boat, so we frequently fished from these spans. One of our favorites during our brief residence at Lohoco (where my mother was principal of the three-room school) was the Seaboard Airline trestle. I recall memories of it: setting dynamite blasting caps on the rails to signal engineers to slow down for a message from Grady Byers Johnson's dad, the local telegrapher, and, feeling that faint vibration in the rails, exchanging glances with Daddy and high-tailing it down the crowsfeet behind him—our rods and bait buckets danking wildly—to safety before the Orange Blossom Special thundered by.

Fishing for speckled trout, as has been noted by Henry Lyman and Frank Woolner in their classic, *The Complete Book of Weakfishing*, is a mania that draws devotees from hundreds of miles away. When the big runs began in the creeks and rivers that spread like fingers from Port Royal and St. Helena sounds, my father flashed the word to selected rela-

tives. Overnight our house on Pigeon Point in Beaufort became a makeshift lodge. Uncle Boots and Aunt Helen came down from Sullivan's Island. Uncle Charles (he was a traveling salesman, which may help to explain why he was the first member of our staid, somewhat Norman Rockwellian family to indicate to me—much to my father's distress—that being girl-crazy was normal) and Aunt Bryte cruised down from Charlotte in their Oldsmobile sedan. Rollaway beds and cots were strewn about the living room, and bourbon-bruised tenors sang into the night. Never before or since have I heard such a cacophony of snores.

Despite the drinking, all of us would be up at first light. We would struggle into long Johns and rubber boots and be off to whatever creek bend, hole, trestle or shrimp-boat dock was deemed the hottest spot at the moment. The car would be filled with muffled coughs, clouds of smoke from Philip Morris and Lucky Strikes and the aroma of Uncle Boots' beloved Limburger cheese, which for years I thought was a dead shrimp left under the seat by my father.

For the most part, we used what remains the preferred method for catching speckled trout: a live shrimp on about 18 inches of leader material dangling be-

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AS I DID IT continued

low a swivel sinker and a cork float. Ideally, the live bait was floated about an inch or two above the bottom. To achieve that, the float was made adjustable by means of a plastic bead and a piece of rubber band tied around the line. By sliding the rubber band knot up or down, you could alter the depth at which the shrimp hung.

Minnows are almost equally effective as live bait and a damned sight cheaper to obtain and keep alive. Shrimp are exceedingly delicate and must be kept in freshly aerated salt water.

Daddy had several minnow traps set all that time. They were always placed in small, brackish feeder streams, strategically located to keep him within a short haul of fresh bait. Nothing infuriated him more than to have a trap stolen or robbed of its contents.

Speckled trout are terrific fighters when hooked and delicious to eat, but they are extraordinarily sullen and finicky about what they eat. They are very sensitive to temperature changes and, as a result, they prefer to spend the hottest summer months (and coldest winter ones) in deep holes where the temperature is relatively stable. In early summer they spawn, usually in the deepest sounds and rivers.

As young fish (they mature at about age three) they tend to run in schools. As older fish (few males seem to live beyond four) they tend to be solitary, but will gang up in rapacious schools during sudden temperature drops. These rapid decreases can also have a deleterious effect. If a trout is in shallow water at the time, it becomes virtually immobilized, rendering it easy prey for man and beast.

And speckled trout are at once attracted to and repelled by noise. It depends on the nature of the sound. Bang on our against the bottom of your boat or dump your anchor with a loud splash, and you may as well move on to the next drop. But the fish seem to be attracted to surface splashes. A time-honored technique of angling for speckled trout with the cork bobber calls for frequent (every 15 seconds or so) popping of the cork by raising the rod tip smartly. This serves two purposes. It animates the bait and makes a noise that the fish are drawn to.

In later years, having served my journalistic apprenticeship on the Beaufort Gazette and moved on to Charleston to further my newspaper career, my

continued



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AS I DID IT *continued*

views on speck fishing were widened by a meeting with the inimitable Jake Jones.

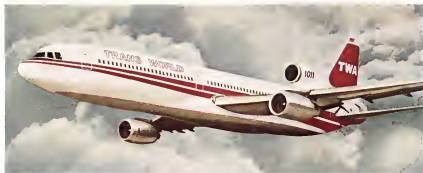
Born a Tar Heel—and in the central, red-clay district of North Carolina, at that—Jake had come to the low country as a young man, caught his first speck and never seriously considered doing anything else. He was (or is—I've long since lost track of him) a guide. He was also a purist. No live bait. And no booze.

If ever a man could be considered an artist with a bucktail jig, it was Jake. All those years with my father and my uncles were merely a prep course for the hours I spent with Jake. He taught me to manipulate a bucktail—an inanimate hunk of lead, steel and hair—so that it imitated whatever the trout were feeding on. The first fish caught always was disemboweled to study that day's feeding. Jake also taught me to read the tidal rips and eddies of the Cooper and Wando rivers. Without Polaroid glasses or fathometers or other modern fishing aids, Jake could always put you on a speck.

"There," he'd say, pointing to a barely perceptible change in the creek's surface. "Right in that eddy. He's laying there with his head into the tide. Now flip your bucktail six feet beyond and let it sink a little."

So, I stand now in the bow of a wave-lapped whaler. The wind is blustery and from the west. Tonight it will swing to the north, and the temperature will plunge into the 30s. It is December; winter has come to the low country. Tomorrow the fish may be back in the deep holes or cruising the bottoms of the sounds. Today they are in a feeding frenzy. The marsh whips before the wind, and the tide, even here in the creek, is slashed to a foaming chop. Leaden winter clouds line the horizon. "Bluebird weather is for bluebirds." A voice from the past, Jake Jones lives.

Beside me is an awkward adolescent, all arms, legs and bottomless stomach. Blond hair stubbornly long. The first stains of acne march across his mother's chin. Impatiently he submits to being told how to thread a live shrimp on a hook. He knows how to cast, thank you. Or no thanks, Curtly. His brown eyes brighten, barely concealing his delight in his perfect placement of the float. I watch it bob and weave before the contrary pressures of tide and wind, slowly winding down stream. Any second now. Any second and the circle will be complete. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 14-20

PRO BASKETBALL—Philadelphia continued its proper winning four straight to take over the Atlantic Division lead. Julius Erving averaged 25.5 points in the first game of the United Force game off the bench as the 76ers in the Sixty 121-112 defeat of Boston. New York had a game behind after a 121-103 loss to Washington. Toronto scored back to back 128-121 over the Pistons as rookie Ray Williams scored 28 points. The Bulls also defeated Kansas City 131-115 and Seattle 131-109 to climb out of the Central Division in the Cleveland and Atlanta, both 1-2 for the week, were still tied for the lead. San Antonio, which had its five-game winning streak snapped by Denver 83-84, was half a game back. David Thompson scored 30 points for the Nuggets in that game and put in 13 more to take over Detroit 123-113 giving Denver a 2½ game lead in the Midwest. Chicago lost its only game 103-101 to Phoenix, then Bulls coach technique as did Coach Ed Badger, who was ejected—off in the space of 22 seconds. New Orleans broke a gameless streak 109-94, 35 points, and Pete Maravich, who had been averaging 26.4 points, took just five shots but was credited with 15 assists. His average hardly suffered thanks to a 20-point performance two nights later in a 103-101 win of Houston. Boston had a three-game winning streak including a 127-111 overtime conquest of Milwaukee that boosted its record to 4-0. Portland remained on top of the Pacific, beating Milwaukee 109-104, while the 181 Walton, who had a season-high of 32 points scored in 38 seconds remaining. The Blazers then won their first two nights at home, defeating the Cavs and the lowest NBA score in four years. Phoenix was both its games to take over second place, while Golden State dropped to third after a 106-94 35-14 second-quarter loss to the Lakers 97-85. L.A. also showed its first 118-83 on night taken scored in double figures.

BOWLING—Leaving only the No. 4 gun in the 10th frame, MARSHALL BOLMAN of Melrose, Ore., defeated Mark Roth 277-250 to win the \$100,000 World Open at Glendale Heights, Ill.

BOXING—VICTOR GALINDEZ of Argentina retained his WBA light heavyweight title by narrowly outpointing Rocky Elledge Gregory in Turin, Italy.

JOSE PINDO CUEVAS of Mexico successfully defended his WBA welterweight title in San Juan with an 11th-round TKO of Luis Espada.

In Los Angeles, JORGE LUBIAN of Panama won the WBA lightweight crown by knocking out Mexico's Alfonso Zamora in the 10th round, and GUTTY ESPADAS of Mexico retained his WBA flyweight title on an eighth-round KO of Abel Salazar of Nicaragua.

CROSS-COUNTRY—IOWA STATE retained the AAUW cross-country at Georgetown, Tex. The Spartans held only one runner in the top 15. KATHY MILLS of Penn State won the individual championship covering the half 5,000-meter course in 16:50.3.

PRO FOOTBALL—Denver gained one-game edge on defending champion Oakland in the AFC West by defeating Kansas City 14-7 as the Raiders lost to San Diego 12-7. Broncos quarterback Craig Morton put the Broncos ahead with a 21-yard TD pass to Hines Ward with 4½ minutes to play. Kansas City had four cracks as the Denver goal line from one yard out with less than a minute left but failed to score. Rookie RB Bernackie, cut by Oakland in the preseason, kicked field goals of 22 and 45 yards to lead the Chargers over Oakland, which played without injured line snapper after the first quarter. Dallas lost twice, first to St. Louis in Monday night 24-17, then to Pittsburgh 21-17, as Franco Harris ran for 179 yards and two touchdowns on 29 carries. By beating the Cowboys and defeating Philadelphia 21-16, St. Louis moved to within a game of Dallas in the NFC East. Los Angeles lengthened its lead in the AFC West by downing San Francisco 27-10. Second place Atlanta continued to fade losing to New Orleans 21-20 on Arthur Manning's 10-point scoring pass to Henry Chiles in the final two minutes. But James Patrick for touchdowns of 53, 33 and 28 yards to take the Falcons past the New York Jets 24-10. Cincinnati stunned Miami 28-07 on a 39-yard touchdown pass from Ken Anderson to Bob Travenco off a 16-play, record-setting 74-yard drive. The Bengals' 10-point lead New England had to score twice in the fourth quarter to down Buffalo 28-7. Houston defeated Seattle 22-10,

and Detroit beat Tampa Bay 16-7. Walter Payton ran for an NFL record 275 yards in Chicago's 10-7 conquest of Minnesota (page 26).

HOCKEY—NHL General Manager John Ferguson may be working over the substance of the New York Rangers to promote stars Phil Esposito and Carol Vadnais with the type of physical presence the Ferguson himself once provided as Montreal for seasons 1969-71 as Jean Beliveau and Yvan Cournoyer. The Rangers apparently must Esposito fight his own battle against Chicago's tough Alex Maltz, and they stood around and watched Vadnais take a couple of shakelocks. The Rangers won only one of three games and were in last place in the Patrick Division. Detroit beat St. Louis 10-6 with its biggest outburst in three seasons, then edged the Blues 2-1 on Nick Libett's goal with 16 seconds to go. Montreal scored twice in the last four minutes to even Chicago 3-3, then beat Colorado 4-1 and stopped L.A. 4-2 to open a nine-point lead over the Kings in the Norris race. The New York Islanders blew a 5-0 lead over Philadelphia when the Flyers scored for four third-period goals, but Bryan Trottier's score with 15 seconds to play gave the Islanders a 4-4 tie. Trottier had four points in New York's 3-2 rout of Vancouver to increase his league lead to eight in 34.

WHA. Birmingham owner John Russell was sentenced for six months by League President Howard Baldwin for violating WHA rules with his court-approved signing of undrafted amateur Ken Linseman last month. On October 1, Birmingham made news by trading Czechoslovakian center Vlastek Novotny and right wing Steve "Cuddles" Allen to the Bruins for the Bruins' wing Wally "Cuddles" Allen. The Bruins then lost Winnipeg 3-2 and beat Montreal 4-3. New England won its 10th straight 3-2 over Winnipeg, and had a four-point lead, and three games in hand over the second-place Jets.

HORSE RACING—Proving their victory in the Washington, D.C. International was no fluke, Steve Cavan and JOHNNY D. combined again to win the \$200,000 Turf Classic at Aqueduct, covering the 1½ miles in 2:07.

TENNIS—JIMMY CONNORS beat Roscoe Tanner 6-2, 5-3, 6-2, 4-6, 4-6 in the final round of the \$20,000 WCT Challenge Cup round robin in Las Vegas.

MILEPOSTS—AWARDED by the North American Soccer League, a Philadelphia franchise for 1978 to a 20-man group, including rock stars Mick Jagger, Peter Franciose and Paul Simon.

FIRE—MANAGER ALEX GRAMMAS, 50, who had a 131-196 record with the Milwaukee Brewers the past two years.

NAMED by the Baseball Writers Association of America, Minnesota Twin Fred Allen as the AL CAREY, 32, in 1977 American League MVP. The AL batting champion for the sixth time. Career hit: 2,880—highest in the major sport Ted Williams. 1981 in 1957—and had 239 hits, the most since Bill Terry's 254 in 1930.

SIGNED by the Milwaukee Brewers in the second round of baseball's free-agent salary draft. Outfielder LARRY HIRSH, 30, who led the American League with 119 RBIs while playing for the Minnesota Twin last season, was \$2.5 million. Television contract.

DIED SILEY SULLIVAN, 22, in his stall at Green Oaks, Stables in Flemington, Calif. In 1958 the California colt came from 16 lengths back to win the Santa Anita Derby and was a favorite for the Kentucky Derby but failed to start and finished 12th.

DIED DAVEY O'BRIEN, 60, the 3'7", 150-pound All-American Trophy winner who quarterbacked TCU to an unbeaten season in 1938 and a Sugar Bowl conquest, of cancer in Fort Worth. O'Brien played two years for the Philadelphia Eagles in his five-season passing for 1,324 yards to break Sammy Baugh's NFL record.

DIED ROGER PECKINPAUGH, 46, American League third baseman for 17 years and manager of the Cleveland Indians from 1972 to 1973 and in 1981 at Cleveland. At 25, he became the youngest manager in major league history when he assumed the helm of the New York Highlanders for the final two weeks of the 1914 season. In 1925, while playing for the 18th-century franchise he was voted MVP, but committed a record eight errors in the World Series.

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Resorts listed in bold. Check below for late additions and foreign courses. There will be numerous additions and an occasional deletion. Check your GOLF TRAVELER Magazine for any changes. Effective date of this list: Dec. 1, 1977. If your course is interested in participating, please contact Rich Wolfe at THE GOLF CARD, 1625 Foothill Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah 84108.

[illegible]

JAHAMAS	Cape Elizabeth Villas - Great Harbor Club	Paradise Island - Princessland Bahamas	Princess - The Shannon	CANADA	B.C.	Lefevre	Ont.	Anglemont Estates
	Ost. Crowwood Orl. Delmarde Ont. John Estlin Orl. Spruce Meadows MEXICO Cancun	Garcen Kasan	Martanzito Club Seniago	Tusane	Tasuna	CC		
Caribbean Nat. Hotel	DOMINICAN REPUBLIC La Romana	TAHITI Anseau	Fiji	Pacific Harbor				

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

INDIANA'S CORSO

Sir:

I really enjoyed your article about Lee Corso (*Don't Let 'em Wear You Down?* Nov. 14). Corso definitely has what it takes to get Indiana fans rooting for something other than basketball. And thanks a lot for clearing up the picture on Big Ten football coaches. After hearing so much about Bo Schembechler and Woody Hayes, I expected the only way for the rest to survive was to wear a monocle and carry a whip. Corso is different. Who else would bring his team onto a playing field in a double-decker bus?

FRED JACOBS
Waco, Texas

Sir:

It was pointed out that, except for Bo Schembechler and Woody Hayes, the only coach who starred the 1970s at a Big Ten school and still remains is John Jardine of Wisconsin. I think the pressures have finally gotten to Jardine. He has turned in his letter

of resignation, effective at the end of the 1977 season. Long live Bo and Woody!

DOUG VALENTINE
Visalia, Calif.

Sir:

Corso's excuse for recent Big Ten Rose Bowl disasters puzzles me. He says, "Everybody wines and dines 'em and fattens 'em up, and then they feed 'em to a Coast team that's been hard at work since before Christmas—on its own field." From 1947, when the big rivalry started, through 1959 the West Coasters won a total of one game. Did they replace the original wine steward, chef and nutritionist?

GLEN JOHNSON
Billings, Mont.

Sir:

I was astonished that John Underwood referred to North Carolina as a "patsy" for the "Little Eight." This year's team is 8-2-1, the two losses being to Kentucky and Texas Tech by a combined total of six points. Since 1970

North Carolina has played in the Peach Bowl (twice), the Gator Bowl and the Sun Bowl (twice). All patsies should have it so good.

VANN IRVIN
Elizabeth City, N.C.

KRIS AND JILL

Sir:

I enjoyed the article *Sex-Tough Goes to the Movies* (Nov. 7), but your cover was even more interesting. This may be the first time a major magazine has had a Rhodes scholar (Kris Krasofferson) and a Sarah Lawrence graduate (Jill Clayburgh) on its cover.

ANDREW L. HARRISON
Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

NOMINATIONS (CONT.)

Sir:

Considering his great World Series performance despite the storms around him, there is no other choice for your Sportsman of the Year award than Reginald Martinez Jackson.

STEVE MAIMAN
Spring Valley, N.Y.

continued

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At last. A little cartridge camera that does what the big cameras do.



The one and only Minolta 110 Zoom SLR.

Those little 110 cartridge-loading cameras give you lots of convenience, but not much versatility.

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or prints will be like.

Focusing is through the lens, also. It's quick and easy because of a microprism circle that breaks up the image until it's perfectly clear...and in focus.

And when you look through the viewfinder, you'll also see glowing lights which tell you if your batteries are O.K. and warn of over or under exposure.

Zoom lens.

This handy feature lets you zoom in for a bigger image or zoom back to get more into the scene. And it's built into the camera, not an extra-cost accessory.

Close-up lens.

For even closer shots, there's a built-in "macro" lens that lets you take pictures as close to your subject as 11.3 inches.

Automatic exposure, too.

You just choose a lens opening and the 110 Zoom SLR selects the precise shutter speed you need, automatically, anywhere

from an action-stopping 1/1000th of a second to a full 10 seconds. And there's an "override" control for unusual lighting situations.



Automatic flash.

Slip the optional Minolta Auto Electroflash 25 onto the 110 Zoom SLR and you've got an automatic electronic flash camera that you can hold in the palm of your hand. You'll never need flashbulbs again.

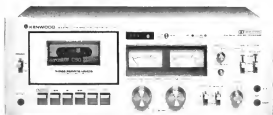
The 110 Zoom SLR even comes with its own rubber lens shade to keep stray light from interfering with your pictures. And there's a safety lock to keep you from taking pictures accidentally.

If you'd like to know more about this revolutionary little camera, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446.

MINOLTA

110 Zoom SLR. There's never been a camera like it.

Sir Anyone but Reggie Jackson	Sir Bill Walton. He has taken more effort time in two years than some people take in a life time	Sir How can you not pick marathon runner Bill Rodgers?
BOB STEINPAK Pittsburgh	MIKE ROBERTSON Hokes Bluff, Ala.	VICTOR FINSTER New York City
Sir Who else but Billy Martin?	Sir The most exciting pure runner in all of foot ball: the Chicago Bears' Walter Payton	Sir Marathon runner Mike Gorman
DAN LOVALLO OWEN CAMPBELL III DAVE FRIDAY Torrington, Conn.	BUCK OWENS Fort Wayne, Ind.	LARRY CUSHING Denver
Sir Tom Landry	Sir O. J. Simpson	Sir Gordie Howe
GLENN KITAYAMA Monterey Park, Calif.	REID C. STEWART Buffalo	DAVE CHORNELL Edmonton, Alberta
Sir Brooks Robinson	Sir Texas Football Coach Fred Akers	Sir Bobby Orr. He deserves the award just for having the courage to get back on skates and play again
JONATHAN MCGRAW Worcester, Mass.	RICHARD DRISCOLL Brookline, Mass.	BARRY ROZNER Wilmette, Ill.
Sir The man who gave the fans their money's worth and gave some of his money back to the fans Greg Luzinski	Sir Guillermo Vilas, not only for the longest winning streak on clay but also for putting up with Ion Tiriac	Sir The fans of the New Jersey Nets, of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers and of French 12-meter sailing
CHARLES GALLAGHER JR. Landsville, Pa.	MARK VECCHIOMI El Paso	EDWARD H. ROBINSON Piscataway, N.J.
Sir How about baseball's greatest home run hitter Sadaharu Oh?	Sir Virginia Wade	Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Time & Life, Building Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020
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